



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
SELIMVS

Emperour of the *Turkes*.

~~Written T. G.~~

LONDON:
Printed for *John Crooke* and *Richard Serger*
and are to be sold at their shop
in *Pauls Church-yard* at
the signe of the Grey-
Hound. 1638.

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W. LINDSAY, G.

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THE FIRST PART OF THE
most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus,

Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.

*Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustaffa, Cherseoly,
and the Iannifaries.*

Baiazet.

L Eaue me my Lords vntill I call you forth;
For I am heauie and disconsolate.

Exeunt all but Baiazet.

So *Baiazet*, now thou remainst alone,
Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy brest,
And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none,
That may discric the cause of thy vnrest,
Vnlesse these walles thy secret thoughts declare,
And Princes walles they say, vnfaithfull are.
Why thats the profit of great regiment;
That all of vs are subiect vnto feares,
And this vaine shew and glorious intent,
Priuie suspicion on each scruple reares,
I, though on all the world we make extant,
From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,
And stretch our raig from East to Western shore,
Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore.
Looke how the earth clad in her sommers pride,
Embroydereth her mantle gorgeously,
With fragrant herbes, and flowers gaily dide,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Spreading abroad her spangled Tapistrie:
Yet vnder all a loathsome snake doth hide.
Such is our life, vnder Crownes, cares do lie,
And feare the scepter still attends vpon,
Oh who can take delight in kingly thrones
Publike disorders joyn'd with priuate carke,
Care of our friends, and of our children deare,
Do tossé our liues, as waues a silly barke.
Though we be fearelesse, tis not without feare,
For hidden mischiefe lurketh in the darke:
And stormes may fall, be the day nere so cleare.
He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinks a scepter is a pleasant thing.
Twice fiftene times hath faire *Latonæ's* sonne
Walked about the world with his great light:
Since I began, would I had nere begunne
To sway this scepter. Many a carefull night
When *Cynthia* in hast to bed did runne.
Haue I with watching vexed my aged spright:
Since when what dangers I haue ouerpast,
Would make a heart of adamant agast.
The Persian *Sophi* mightie *Ismaell*,
Tooke the *Leuante* cleane away from mee,
And *Caragnis Bassa* sent his force to quell,
Was kild himselfe the while his men did flee.
Poore *Hali Bassa* hauing once sped well,
And gaine of him a bloodie victorie,
Was at the last slaine fighting in the field,
Chazactering honor in his battred shield.
Ramirchan the Tartarian Emperour,
Gathering to him a numberlesse,
Of bigboud Tartars, in a haplesse houre
Encountred me, and there my chiefeest blisse
Good *Alemshæ* (ah this remembrance foure)
Was slaine the more t'augment my sad distresse,
In leeing *Alemshæ* poore, I lost more

Then

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Then euer I had gained theretofore.
Well may thy soule rest in her latest graue,
Sweete *Alemshae* the comfort of my dayes,
That thou might'st liue, how often did I craue?
How often did I bootlesse prayers raise
To that high power that life first to thee gaue?
Trustie wait thou to me at all assaies,
And deereſt child thy father oft hath cride,
That thou hadſt liu'd, ſo he himſelfe had dide.
The Chriſtian Armies, oftentimes defeated
By my victorious fathers valiance,
Haue all my Captaines famously confronted,
And crackt in two our vncontrolled lance.
My ſtrongeſt gariſons they haue ſupplanted,
And ouerwhelmed me in ſad miſchance:
And my decreaſe ſo long wrought their increaſe,
Till I was forc'd conclude a friendly peace.
Now all theſe are but forraine dammages,
Taken in warre whoſe die vncertaine is,
But I ſhall haue more home-borne outrages,
Vnleſſe my diuination aimes amiſſe:
I haue three ſonnes all of vnequall ages,
And all in diuerſe ſtudies ſet their bliſſe.
Corcut my eldeſt a Philoſopher,
Acomat pompous, *Selmi* a warriour.
Corcut in faire *Magneſia* leades his life,
In learning Arts, and *Mabounds* dreaded lawes:
Acomat loues to court it with his wiſe,
And in a pleaſant quiet ioyes to pauſe:
But *Selmi* followes warres in diſmall ſtriſe,
And ſnatcheth at my Crowne with greedy clawes:
But he ſhall miſſe of that he aimeth at,
For I reſerue it for my *Acomat*.
For *Acomat*? Alaffe it cannot be,
Stearne *Selimus* hath wonne my peoples hart,
The Laniffaries loue him more then me:

And

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And for his cause will suffer any smart.
They see he is a friend to chiuallrie,
And sooner will they from my faith depart,
And by strong hand *Baiazet* pull thee downe,
Then let their *Selmi* hōp without the Crowne.
Ah, if the souldiers ouerrule thy state,
And nothing must be done without their will,
If euery base and vpstart runnagate
Shall crosse a Prince and overthwart him still.
If *Corcus*, *Selimus*, and *Acomar*,
With crowns and kingdoms shal their hungers fill?
Poore *Baiazet* what then remains to thee?
But the bare title of thy dignitie.
I, and vnlesse thou do dissemble all,
And winke at *Selimus* aspiring thought:
The *Bassaes* cruelly shall worke thy fall.
And then thy Empire is but deerly bought.
Ah that our sonnes thus to ambition thrall,
Should set the law of Nature all at nought.
But what must be, cannot chuse but be done,
Come *Bassaes* enter, *Baiazet* hath done.

Enters againe.

Cherseoli. Dread Emperour, long may you happie liue,
Lou'd of your subiects, and feard of your foes:
We wonder much what doth your highnesse grieue,
That you will not vnto your Lords disclose.
Perhaps you feare least we your loyall Peeres,
Would prooue disloyall to your Maiestie,
And be rebellious in your dying yeeres.
But mightie Prince the heauens can testifie,
How dearly we esteeme your safetie.

Mustaf. Perhaps you thinke *Mustaffa* will renolt
And leaue your grace, and cleaue to *Selimus*,
But sooner shall th'almighties thunderbolt
Strike me downe to the eare tenebrious
The lowest land, and dattined spirits hold;

Then

of Solimus, Emperour of the Turkes. II

Then true *Mustassa* prooue so treacherous:
 Your Maiestie then needs not much to feare,
 Since you are lou'd of subiect, Prince, and Peere.
 First shall the Sunne rise from the occident,
 And loose his beeds benighted in the East,
 First shall the sea become the continent,
 Ere we forsake our soueraignes behest:
 We fought not for you gainst Persians Tent,
 Breaking our Launces on his sturdie creast.
 We fought not for you gainst the Christian hoast,
 To become traytors after all our cost.

Baa. Heare me *Mustassa* and *Cherseeli*,
 I am a father of a headstrong brood,
 Which if I looke not closely to my selfe,
 Will seeke to ruinate their fathers state,
 Euen as the vipers in great *Nerues* fenne,
 Eate vp the belly that first nourish'd them.
 You see the haruest of my life is past,
 And aged winter hath besprent my head,
 With a hoare frost of siluer coloured haire,
 The haruingers of honourable eld,
 These branchlike vaines which once did guide my armes
 To toss the speare in battellous array,
 Now withered vp haue lost their former strength;
 My sonnes whom now ambition gunnes to pricke,
 May take occasion of my weaknes age,
 And rise in rebell armes against my state.
 But staie, here comes a Messenger to vs.

Sound within. Enters a Messenger.
Messen. Health and good hap to *Baaazet*,
 The great commander of all *Asia*,
Seims the Soldane of great *Trebisand*,
 Sends me vnto your grace, to signifie
 His alliance with the King of *Tartary*.

Baa. Said I not Lords as much to you before,
 That mine owne sonnes would seek my overthrow?

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And see here comes a lucklesse messenger,
To prooue that true, which my mind did foretell.
Does *Selm* make so small account of vs,
That he dare marry without our consent,
And to that diuell too of *Tartarie*?
And could he then vnkind, so soone forget
The iniuries that *Ramir* did to me,
Thus to comfort himselfe with him gainst me?

Cher. e. Your maiestie misconfiders *Selmus*.
It cannot be, that he in whose high thoughts
A map of many valures is enshrind,
Should seeke his fathers ruine and decay.

Selmus is a Prince of forward hope,
Whose onely name affrights your enemies,
It cannot be he should prooue false to you.
Bata. Can it not be? Oh yes *Cherseoli*,
For *Selmus* hands do itch to haue the Crowne,
And he wil haue it, or else pull me downe.
Is he a Prince? oh no he is a sea,
Into which runne nought but ambitious reaches,
Seditious complots, murder, fraud and hate,
Could he not see his father know his mind,
But march himselfe when I least thought on it?

Must. Perhaps my Lord *Selmus* lou'd the daube,
And feard to certifie you of his loue,
Because her father was your enemy.

Bata. In loue *Mustaffa*, *Selmus* in loue?
If he be, Lording ris not Laches loue,
But loue of rule, and kingly souerantie.
For wherefore should he feare aske my consent?
True lie *Mustaff*, if he had feard me,
He neuer would haue lou'd mine enemy.
But this his marriage with the Tartars daughter,
Is but the prologue to his crueltie,
And quickly shall we haue the Tragedie.

Which though he act with meditated bruterie,

of *Selimus*, Emperour of the Turkes.

The world will neuer giue him plauditie.
What yet more newes?

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.

Meff. Dread Emperour, *Selimus* is at hand,
Two hundreth thousand strong Tartarians
Armed at all points dooes he lead with him,
Besides his followers from *Trebisond*.

Baia. I thought so much of wicked *Selimus*,
Oh forlorne hopes and haplesse *Baiazet*.
Is durie then exiled from his brest,
Which nature hath inscrib'd with golden pen,
Deepe in the hearts of honourable men?
Ah *Selim*, *Selim*, wert thou not my sonne,
But some strange vnacquainted forreiner,
Whom I should honour as I honour'd thee:
Yet would it greeue me euen vnto the death,
If he should deale as thou hast dealt with me.
And thou my sonne to whom I freely gaue
The mightie Empire of great *Trebisond*,
Art too vnnaturall to require me thus,
Good *Alemshae* hadst thou liu'd till this day,
Thou wouldst haue blushed at thy brothers mind.
Come sweete *Mustaffa*, come *Cherseoli*,
And with some good aduice recomfort me.

Exeunt. Al.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam Bassa*, *Oirante*, *Cechialie*,
and the souldiers.

Sel. Now *Selimus* consider who thou art,
Long hast thou marched in disguis'd attire,
But now vnmaske thy selfe, and play thy part,
And manifest the heate of thy desire:
Nouriish the coales of thine ambitious fire.
And thinke that then thy Empire is most sure,
When men for feare thy tyrannie endure.
Thinke that to thee there is no yvorfe reproach,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Then fillall dutie in so high a place;
 Thou oughtst to set barrells of blood abroach;
 And seeke with sword whole kingdomes to displace;
 Let *Mahomads* lawes be lockt vp in their case.
 And meaner men and of a baser spirit;
 In vertuous actions seeke for glorious merit;
 I count it sacriledge, for to be holy,
 Or reuerence this thred-bare name of good;
 Leauē to old men and babes that kind of follie;
 Count it of equall value with the mud:
 Make thou a passage for thy gushing flood;
 By slaughter, treason, or what else thou can;
 And scorne religion, it disgraces man;
 My father *Baiazet* is weake and old,
 And hath not much about two yeares to liue;
 The Turkish Crowne of Pearle and *Ophir* gold,
 He meanes to his deare *Acomin* to giue;
 Put ere his ship can to her hairent drine;
 Ile send abroad my tempests in such sort,
 That she shall sinke before she get the port.
 Alasse, alasse, his highnesse aged head
 Is not sufficient to support a Crowne;
 Then *Selimus* take thou it in his steed,
 And if at this thy boldnesse he dare frowne;
 Or but resist thy will, then pull him downe;
 For since he hath so short a time t'enioy it,
 Ile make it shorter, or I will destroy him.
 Nor passe I what our holy votaries
 Shall here obiect against my forward minde;
 I wreake not of their foolish ceremonies,
 But meane to take my fortune as I finde;
 Wisedome commands to follow tide and winde;
 And catch the front of swift occasion,
 Before she be too quickly ouergone;
 Some man will say I am too impious;
 Thus to lye siege against my fathers life;

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And that I ought to follow vertuous
 And godly sonnes: that vertue is a glasse.
 Wherein I may my errant life behold,
 And frame my selfe by it in auncient mould.
 Good sir, your wisedomes ouerflowing wit,
 Digs deepe with learnings wonder-working spade:
 Perhaps you thinke that now forsooth you lit
 With some graue wisard in a prating shade.
 Auant such glasseles: let them view in me,
 The perfect picture of right tyrannie.
 I like a Lions looke not worth a leeke,
 When euery dog deprives him of his pray:
 These honelt termes are farre inough to seeke.
 When angry Foitune menaceth decay,
 My resolution treads a nearer way.
 Giue me the heart conspiring with the hand,
 In such a cause my father to withstand.
 Is he my father? why I am his sonne:
 I owe no more to him then he to me;
 If he proceed as he hath now begunne,
 And passe from me the Turkish Seignorie,
 To *Acomat*, then *Selimus* is free:
 And if he iniure me that am his sonne,
 Faith all the leue twixt him and me is done.
 But for I see the schoolemen are prepard,
 To plant gainst me their bookish ordinance,
 I meane to stand on a sententious gard:
 And without any far fetcht circumstance,
 Quickly vnfold mine owne opinion,
 To arme my heart with irreligion.
 When first this circled round, this building faire,
 Some God tooke out of the confus'd masse,
 (What God I do not know, nor greatly care)
 Then euery man of his owne dition was,
 And euery one his life in peace did passe:
 Warre was not then, and riches were not knowne,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And no man said, this, or this, is mine owne.
The plough-man with a furrow did not marke
How farre his great possessions did reach:
The earth knew not the share, nor seas the barke.
The souldiers entred not the battred breach,
Nor Trumpets the tantara loud did teach.
There needed them no iudge, nor yet no law,
Nor any King of whom to stand in awe.
But after *Ninus*, warlike *Belus* sonne,
The earth with vnknowne armour did warray,
Then first the sacred name of King begunne:
And things that were as common as the day,
Did then to set possessours first obey.
Then they establisht lawes and holy rites,
To maintaine peace, and gouerne bloodie fights.
Then some sage man, about the vulgar wise,
Knowing that lawes could not in quiet dwell,
Vnlesse they were obserued: did first deuise
The names of Gods, religion, heauen and hell,
And gan of paines, and faind rewards to tell
Paines for those men which did neglect the law,
Rewards, for those that liu'd in quiet awe.
Whereas indeed they were meere fictions,
And if they were not, *Selim* thinks they were:
And these religions obseruations,
Onely bug-beares to keepe the world in feare,
And make men quietly a yoake to beare.
So that religion of it selfe a bable,
Was onely found to make vs peaceable.
Hence in especiall come the foolish names,
Of father, mother, brother, and such like:
For who so well his cogitation frames,
Shall finde they serue but onely for to strike
Into our minds a certaine kind of loue.
For these names too are but a policie,
To keepe the quiet of societie.

Indeed

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Indeed I must confesse they are not bad,
 Because they keepe the baser sort in feare:
 But we, whose minde in heavenly thoughts is clad,
 Whole bodie doth a glorious spirit beare,
 That hath no bounds, but flieth euery where.
 Why should we seeke to make that soule a slaue,
 To which dame Nature so large freedome gaue.
 Amongst vs men, there is some difference,
 Of actions rearm'd by vs good or ill:
 As he that doth his father recompence,
 Differs from him that doth his father kill.
 And yet I thinke, thinke other what they will,
 That Parricides, when death hath giuen them rest,
 Shall haue as good a part as the rest.
 And that is iust nothing, for as I suppose
 In deaths voyd kingdome raignes eternall night:
 Secure of euill, and secure of foes,
 Where nothing doth the wicked man affright,
 No more then him that dies in doing right.
 Then since in death nothing shall to vs fall,
 Here while I liue, Ile haue a snatch at all.
 And that can neuer, neuer be attaind,
 Vnlesse old *Batazet* do die the death:
 For long inough the gray-beard now hath reign'd,
 And liu'd at ease, while others liu'd weath.
 And now its time he should resigne his breath.
 T were good for him if he were press'd out,
 T would bring him rest, and rid him of his gout.
 Resolu'd to do it, cast to compasse it
 Without delay or long procrastination:
 It argueth an vnmanured wit,
 When all is readie for so strong inuasion,
 To draw out time, an vnlookt for mutation.
 May soone preuent vs if we do delay.
 Quick speed is good, where vvieth dome leads the

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Occbi. My Lord.

Sel. Lo sic boy to my father *Baiazes*,
And tell him *Selim* his obedient sonne,
Desires to speake with him and kisse his hands,
Tell him I long to see his gracious face,
And that I come with all my chivalrie,
To chase the Christians from his Seigniorie:
In any wise say I must speake with him.

Exit Occbi.

Now *Sinam* if I speed.

Sinam. What then my Lord?

Sel. What then? why *Sinam* thou art nothing woorth,
I will endeuour to perswade him man,
To giue the Empire ouer vnto me,
Perhaps I shall attaine it at his hands:
If I cannot, this right hand is resolu'd,
To end the period with a fatall stabbe.

Sin. My gracious Lord, giue *Sinam* leaue to speake,
If you resolute to worke your fathers death,
You venture life: thinke you the lapissaries
Will suffer you to kill him in their sight,
And let you passe free without punishment?

Sel. If I resolute? as sure as heauen is heauen,
I meane to see him dead, or my selfe King:
As for the *Bassies* they are all my friends,
And I am sure would pawne their dearest blood,
That *Selim* might be Emperour of Turkes.

Sin. Yet *Alomat* and *Corgam* both suruiue,
To be reuenged for their fathers death.

Sel. *Sinam* if they or twentie such as they,
Had twentie seuerall Armies in the field,
If *Selimus* were once your Emperour,
Ide dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And mow their hartlesse squadrons to the ground.

Sin. Oh yet my Lord after your highnesse death,
There is a hell and a reuenging God.

Sel. Tuba

of *Selimus*, Emperour of the *Turkes*.

Seli. Tush *Simam* these are schoole conditions,
To feare the diuell or his cursed damme:
Thinkst thou I care for apparitions,
Of *Sisyphus* and of his backward stone,
And poore *Ixiens* lamentable mone?
Now I thinke the caue of damned ghoasts,
Is but a tale to terrifie yoong babes:
Like diuels faces scor'd on painted poasts,
Or fained circles in our astrolabes.
Why theirs no difference when we are dead,
And death once come, then all alike are sped.
Or if there were, as I can scarce beleue,
A heauen of ioy, and hell of endlesse paine:
Yet by my soule it neuer should me greeue:
So I might on the Turkish Empire raigne,
To enter hell, and leane on faire heauens gaine.
An Empire *Simam*, is so sweete a thing,
As I could be a diuell to be a King.
But go we Lords and solace in our campe,
Till the returne of yoong *Occhiali*,
And if his answer be to thy desire,
Selim thy munde in kingly thoughts attire.

Exeunt. All.

* Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cherscoli*, *Occhiali*, and
the Ianissaries.

Baia. Euen as the great Egyptian *Crocodile*,
Wanting his praie, with artificiall teares,
And fained plaints his subtill tongue doth file,
T'entrap the silly wandring traeller,
And moue him to aduance his footing neare,
That when he is in danger of his claws,
He may deuour him with his famished iawes,
So plaieth craftie *Selimus* with me,
His haughtie thoughts still wait on Diadems,
And not a step but treads to maiestie.

C

The

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

The Phoenix gazeth on the Suns bright beames,
 The Echinæis swimmes against the streames.
 Nought but the Turkish scepter can him please,
 And there I know lieth his chiefe disease.
 He sends his messenger to craue access,
 And saies he longs to kisse my aged hands :
 But howsoeuer he in shew professe,
 His meaning with his words but weakly stands.
 And sooner will the *Syrtes* boyling sands,
 Become a quiet roade for fleeting shippes,
 Then *Selimus* heart agree with *Selims* lippes.
 Too well I know the Crocodiles fained teares,
 Are but nettes wherein to catch his pray:
 Which who so moud with foolish pitie heares,
 Will be the authour of his owne decay.
 Then hie thee *Baias*et from hence away:
 A fawning monster is false *Selimus*,
 Whose fairest words are most pernicious.
 Yoong man, would *Selim* come and speak with vs?
 What is his messlage to vs, canst thou tell?

Occhi. He craues my Lord, another seignorie,
 Nearer to you and to the Christians,
 That he may make them know, that *Selimus*
 Is borne to be a scourge vnto them all.

Bai. Hee's born to be a scourge to me & mine,
 He neuer would haue come with such an hoast,
 Vnlesse he meant my state to vndermine,
 What though in word he brauely seeme to boast,
 The forraging of all the Christian coast?
 Yet we haue cause to feare when burning brands,
 Are vainly giuen into a mad mans hands.
 Well I must seeme to winke at his desire,
 Although I see it plainer then the light,
 My lenitie addes fuell to his fire,
 Which now begins to breake in flashing bright,
 Then *Baias*et chastise his stubborne spright.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Least these small sparkles grow to such a flame,
As shall consume thee and thy houses name.
Alasse I spare when all my store is gone,
And thrust my sickle where the corne is reapt,
In vaine I send for the phisition,
When on the patient is his graue dust heapt.
In vaine, now all his veines in venome sleep
Breake out in blisters that will poyson vs,
VVe seeke to giue him an Antidotus.
He that will stop the brooke, must then begin
VVhen sommers heate hath dried vp his spring,
And when his pittering streames are low & thin,
For let the winter aide vnto him bring,
He growes to be of watry flouds the King.
And though you dam him vp with lostie rankes,
Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.
Messenger, go and tell yoong *Selimus*,
We giue to him all great *Samandria*,
Bordring on *Bulgrade* of *Hungaria*,
Where he may plague those Christian runnages,
And salue the wounds that they haue giuen our states,
Chersco. Go and provide a gift,
A royall present for my *Selimus*.
And tell him messenger another time
He shall haue talke inough with *Baiazet*.

Exeunt Cherscoli and Occhiali.

And now what counsell giues *Mustassa* to vs?
I feare this hastie reckoning will vndo vs.
Must. Make haste my Lord from *Andrinople* walles,
And let vs flie to faire *Bizantium*,
Least if your forme before you take the towne,
He may with little labour winne the crowne.

Baia. Then do so good *Mustassa*, call our gard,
And gather all our warlike Ianissaries,
Our chiefeft ayd is swift celeritie,
Then let our winged coursers tread the winde,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And leaue rebellious *Selimus* behinde.

Exeunt. Al.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Occhiali*, *Ostrante*,
and their souldiers.

Selim. And is his answer so *Occhiali*?

Is *Selim* such a corsiue to his heart,
That he cannot endure the sight of him?
Forsooth he giues thee all *Samandria*,
From whence our mightie Emperour *Mahomet*,
Was driuen to his country backe with shame.

No doubt thy father loues thee *Selimus*,
To make thee Regent of so great a land,
Which is not yet his owne: or if it were,
What dangers wayt on him that should it stere.
Here the *Polonian* he comes hurtling in,
Vnder the conduct of some forraine prince,
To fight in honour of his crucifix!

Here the *Hungarian* with his bloodie crosse,
Deales blowes about to win *Belgrade* againe.

And after all, forsooth *Basilus*

The mightie Emperour of *Russia*,
Sends in his troupes of slaue-borne *Muscovites*,
And he will share with vs, or else take all.

In giuing such a land so full of strife,
His meaning is to rid me of my life.

Now by the dreaded name of *Termagant*,
And by the blackest brooke in loathsome hell,
Since he is so vnnaturall to me,

I will prooue as vnnaturall as he.

Thinks he to stop my mouth with gold or pearle?
Or rustie iades fet from *Barbaria*?

No let his minion his philosopher,
Corcus and *Acomat* be enrich'd with them.

I will not take my rest, till this right hand
Hath puld the Crowne from off his cowards head,

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And on the ground his bastards gore-blood shead:
Nor shall his flight to old *Bizantium*,
Dismay my thoughts which neuer learnd to stoupe.
March *Sinam*, march in order after him:
Were his light steeds as swift as *Pegasus*,
And trode the ayrie pauement with their heeles,
Yet *Selimus* would ouertake them soone.
And though the heauens do nere so crosly frowne,
In spight of heauen shall *Selim* weare the crowne.

Exeunt.

Alarum within. Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cherseoli* and the
Ianiſſaries, at one doore. *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Ottirante*, *Occhia-*
li, and their souldiers at another.

Baia. Is this thy dutie sonne vnto thy father,
So impieusly to leuell at his life?
Can thy soule wallowing in ambitious mire,
Seeke for to reauce that brest with bloudie knife,
From whence thou hadst thy being *Selimus*?
Was this the end for which thou ioyndest thy selfe,
With that mischieuous traytor *Ramirchan*?
Was this thy drift to speake with *Baiazet*?
Well hoped I (but hope I see is vaine)
Thou wouldst haue bene a comfort to mine age,
A scourge and terrour to mine enemies,
That this thy comming with so great an hoast,
Was for no other purpose and intent,
Then for to chastise those base Christians
Which spoile my subiects welth with fire & sword
Well hoped I the rule of *Trebisond*,
Would haue increasde the valour of thy minde,
To turne thy strength vpon thy Persians.
But thou like to a craftie *Polipus*,
Doeſt turne thy hungry iawes vpon thy selfe,
For what am I *Selimus* but thy selfe?

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

V When courage first crept in thy mainly brest,
Hnd thou beganst to rule the martiall sword,
How oft said thou the sun shuld change his course,
V Water should turn to earth, & earth to heauen,
Ere thou wouldst prooue disloyall to thy father.
O *Titan* turne thy breathlesse courfers backe,
And enterprise thy iourney from the East.
Blush *Selim* that the world should say of thee,
That by my death thou gaindst the Emperie.
Seli. Now let my caule be pleaded *Baiazet*,
For father I disdain to call thee now:
I tooke not Armes to seaze vpon thy crowne,
For that if once thou hadst bene layd in graue,
Should sit vpon the head of *Selimus*
In spight of *Corcut* and *Acomat*.
I tooke not Armes to take away thy life,
The remnant of thy dayes is but a span,
And foolish had I bene to enterprize
That which the gout and death would do for me.
I tooke not armes to shed my brothers blood,
Because they stop my passage to the crowne.
For while thou liu'st *Selimus* is content
That they shuld liue, but when thou once art dead
V Which of them both dares *Selimus* withstand?
I soone should hew their bodies in peecemeale,
As easie as a man would kill a gnat.
But I tooke armes vnkind to honour thee,
And winne againe the same that thou hast lost.
And thou thoughtst scorne *Selim* should speake wit
But had it bene your darling *Acomat*,
You would haue met him half the way your selfe.
I am a Prince, and though your yoonger sonne,
Yet are my merits better then both theirs:
But you do seeke to disinherite me,
And meane t'ineest *Acomat* with your crowne.
So he shall haue a princes due reward,

That

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

That cannot shew a scarre receiu'd in field,
VVe that haue fought with mighty *Prestor Iohn*,
And stript th' Ægyptian so'dan of his camp,
Venturing life and liuing to honour thee,
For that same cause shall now dishonour'd be.
Art thou a father? Nay false *Baiazet*
Disclaime the title which thou doest not merit.
A father would not thus flee from his sonne,
As thou doest flie from loyall *Selimus*.
A father would not iniure thus his sonne,
As thou doest iniure loyall *Selimus*.
Then *Baiazet* prepare thee to the fight,
Selimus once thy sonne, but now thy foe,
VVill make his fortunes by the sword,
And since thou fear'st as long as I do liue,
He also feare, as long as thou doest liue.

Exit Selim and his company.

Ba. My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief,
VVhat dismall Comet blazed at my birth,
VVhose influence makes my strong vnbrideled
In steed of loue to render hate to me? (sonnes
Ah Bassaies if that euer heretofore
Your Emperour ought his safetie vnto you,
Defend me now gainst my vnnaturall sonne:
Non timeo mortem: mortis mihi displicet author.

Exit Baiazet and his company.

Alarum, *Mustassa* beate *Selimus* in, then *Otturante*
and *Cherseoli* enter at diuerse doores.

Cherse. Yeeld thee Tartarian or thou shalt die,
Vpon my swords sharpe point standeth pale death
Readie to riue in two thy cartiue brest.

Ott. Art thou that knight that like a lion fierce,
Tiring his stomacke on a flocke of lambes,
Hast broke our rankes & put them cleane to flight?

Cherse.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Cherfe. I and vnlesse thou looke vnto thy selfe,
This sword nere drunke in the *Tartarian* blood,
Shall make thy carkasse as the outcast dung.

Ottan. Nay I haue matcht a brauer knight then you,
Strong *Alemshae* thy maisters eldest sonne,
Leauing his bodie naked on the plaines,
And *Turke*, the selfesame end for thee remaines.

They fight. He killeth *Cherfeoli*, and flieth.

Alarum, enter *Selimus*.

Selim. Shall *Selims* hope be buried in the dust?
And *Baiazet* triumph ouer his fall?
Then oh thou blindfull mistresse of mishap,
Chiefe pratronesse of *Rhamus* golden gates,
I will aduance my strong reuenging hand,
And plucke thee from thy euerturning wheele.
Mars, or *Minerva*, *Mabound*, *Termagant*,
Or who so ere you are that fight gainst me,
Come and but shew your selues before my face,
And I will rend you all like trembling reedes.
Well *Baiazet* though Fortune smile on thee,
And decke thy campe with glorious victorie,
Though *Selimus* now conquered by thee,
Is faine to put his safetie in swift flight:
Yet so he flies, that like an angry ramme,
Heele turne more fiercely then before he came.

Exit Selimus.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustassa*, the souldier with the
bodie of *Cherfeoli*, and *Ottante*
prisoner.

Baia. Thus haue we gaine a bloodie victorie,
And though we are the maisters of the field,
Yet haue we lost more then our enemies:
Ah lucklesse fault of my *Cherfeoli*,
As deare and dearer wert thou vnto me,
Then any of my sonnes, then mine owne selfe.
When I was glad, thy heart was full of ioy,

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And brauely hast thou died for *Baiazet*.
And though thy bloudlesse bodie here do lie,
Yet thy sweet soule in heauen for euer blest,
Among the starres enioyes eternall rest,
What art thou warlike man of *Tartarie*,
Whose hap it is to be our prisoner?

Otturan. I am a prince, *Otturan* is my name,
Chiefe captaine of the *Tartars* mightie host.

Ba. *Otturan*? Wast not thou that slue my son?

Otturan. I, and if fortune had but fauour'd me,
Had sent the fire to keepe him company.

Baia. Off with his head and spoyle him of his Armes,
And leaue his bodie for the ayrie birds.

Exit one with Otturan.

The vnreuenged ghost of *Alemstane*,
Shall now no more wander on *Stygian* banks,
But rest in quiet in th' *Elysian* fields.

Mustassa, and you worthie men in Armes,
That left not *Baiazet* in greatest need,
When we arriue at *Constantinople* great Tour,
You shalbe honour'd of your Emperour.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomas* *Vizir*, *Rogan*, and a band of
souldiers.

Aco. Perhaps you wonder why prince *Acomas*,
Delighting heretofore in foolish loue,
Hath chang'd his quiet to a souldiers state:
And turnd the dulcet tunes of *Himems* song,
Into *Bellonas* horrible outcries,
You thinke it strange, that whereas I haue liu'd,
Almost a votarie to wantonnesse,
To see me low laie off effeminate robes,
And arme my bodie in an iron wall.
I haue enioyed quiet long inough,
And surfeted with pleasures sugundrie
A field of dainties I haue passed through,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And bene a champion to faire *Cytherea*.
Now since this idle peace hath wetried me,
Ile follow *Mars* and warre another while;
And die my shield in dolorous *venmil*.
My brother *Selim* through his manly deeds,
Hath lifted vp his fame vnto the skies,
While we like earth wormes lurking in the weeds,
Do liue inglorious in all mens eyes.
What lets me then from this vaine slumber rise,
And by strong hand achieve eternall glorie,
That may be talkt of in all memorie,
And see how fortune fauours mine intent,
Heard you not Lordings, how prince *Selim*
Against our royall father armed went,
And how the Ianissaries made him flee
To *Ramir* Emperour of *Tartarie*?
This his rebellion greatly profits me,
For I shall sooner winne my fathers minde,
To yeeld me vp the Turkish Empire,
Which if I haue, I am sure I shall finde
Strong enemies to pull me downe againe,
That faine would haue prince *Selim* to raigue.
Then ciuill discord and contentious warre,
Will follow *Acomans* coronation.
Selim no doubt will broach seditions iare,
And *Corcu* too will seeke for alteration,
Now to preuent all suddaine perturbation,
We thought it good to muster vp our power,
That danger may not take it vnprovided.
Vizir. I like your highnesse resolution well,
For these should be the chiefe arts of a king,
To punish those that furiously rebell,
And honour those that sacred counsell bring,
To make good lawes, ill customes to expell:
To nourish peace from whence your riches spring,
And when good quarrels call you to the field,

T excell

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

T'excell your men in handling speare & shield.
Thus shall the glory of your matchlesse name,
Be registred vp in immortall lines:
Whereas that prince that followes lustfull game,
And to fond toyes his captiue minde encline,
Shall neuer passe the temple of true fame,
Whose worth is greater then the Indian mines,
But is your grace assured certainly
That *Baiazet* doth fauour your request?
Perhaps you may make him your enemie,
You know how much your father doth detest,
Stout obedience and obstinacie.

I speake not this as if I thought it best:
Your highnesse should your right in it neglect,
But that you might be close and circumspect.

Aco. We thanke thee *Visir* for thy louing care,
As for my father *Baiazet*'s affection,
Vnlesse his holy vowes forgotten are,
I shall be sure of it by his elections
By after *Acomas* erection,
We must forecast what things be necessary,
Least that our kingdome be too momentary.

Reg. First let my Lord be seated in his throne,
Enstalled by great *Baiazet*'s consent,
As yet your haruest is not fully growne,
But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent:
But when you once haue got the regiment,
Then may your Lords more easily provide,
Against all accidents that may befall.

Acomas. Then let we forward to *Bizantium*,
That we may know what *Baiazet* intends,
Aduise thee *Acomas*, whats best to do,
The Ianissaries fauour *Selimus*,
And they are strong vndanted enemies,
Which will in Armes gainst thy election rise,
Then will them to thy wil with precious gifts,

The first part of the Tragical Traine 210

And store of gold: timely largition
 The stedfast persons from their purpose list:
 But then beware least *Baiazers* affection
 Change into hatred by such premonition.
 For then he thinke that I am factious;
 And imitate my brother *Selmu*.
 Besides, a prince his honour doth debase,
 That begs the common souldiers suffrages,
 And if the *Bassaes* knew I sought their grace,
 It would the more increase their insolentnesse.
 To resist them were overhardinesse,
 And worse it were to leaue my enterprize.
 Well how so ere, resolute venture it,
 Fortune doth fauour euery bold assay,
 And t'were a trick of an vnserled wit
 Because the bees haue stings with them alway,
 To fare our mouthes in honie to embay.
 Then resolution for me leades the dante,
 And thus resolu'd, I meane to trie my chance.

Exeunt all.

• Enter *Baiazer*, *Musuffa*, *Calibassa*, *Halibassa*,
 and the *Indians*.

Baia. What prince so ere, trusts to his mightie power,
 Ruling the reines of many nations,
 And feareth not least fickle fortune loure,
 As thinks his kingdome free from alterations,
 If he were in the place of *Baiazer*,
 He would but litle by his scepter set.
 For what hath rule that makes it acceptable,
 Rather what hath it not worthe of hate:
 First of all is our state still mutable,
 And our continuance at the peoples rate,
 So that it is a slender thred, whereon
 Depends the honour of a princes throne.
 Then do we feare, more then the child new borne,

Our

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Our friends, our Lords, our subjects, & our sonnes,
Thus is our minde in sundry piteous torments,
By care, by feare, suspicion, and distrust,
In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyson,
At home, abroad, we feare seditious treason,
Too true that tyrant *Dionysius*,
Did picture out the image of a King,
When *Daniocles* was placed in his throne,
And ore his head a threatening sword did hang,
Fastned vp onely by a horses haire,
Our chiefeest trust is secretly distrust,
For whom haue we whom we may safely trust,
If our owne sonnes, neglecting awfull dutie,
Rise vp in Armes against their louing fathers,
Their heart is all of hardest marble wrought,
That can laie waye to take away their breath,
From whom they first sucked this vitall ayre,
My heart is heauie, and I needs must sleepe,
Bassas withdraw your selues from me awhile,
That I may rest my ouerburdened soule.

They stand aside while the curtains are drawne.
Eunuchs plaie me some musicke while I sleepe.
Musicke within.

Must. Good *Baiazer*, who would not pierce thee,
Whom thine owne sonne so vildly persecuts,
More mildly do th' vnreasonable beasts
Deale with their dammes, then *Selimus* with thee.

Habbas. *Mustassa* we are princes of the land,
And loue our Emperour as well as thou:
Yet will we not for pitying his estate,
Suffer our foes our wealth to rinate.
If *Selim* haue playd false with *Baiazer*,
And ouerslipped the dutie of a sonne,
Why he was mou'd by iust occasion,
Did he not humbly send his messenger
To craue accesse vnto his maiestie?

The first part of the Tragicall braigne

And yet he could not get permission
To kisse his hands, and speake his mind to him.
Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue
Was cleane estrang'd from him: and *Armes*
Should reape the fruit that he had laboured for.
Tis lawfull for the father to take *Armes*,
I and by death chastize his rebell soune.
Why should it be vnlawfull for the sonne,
To leaue *Armes* gainst his iniurious fire?

Must. You reason *Hali* like a sophister.
As if were lawfull for a subiect prince
To rise in *Armes* gainst his soueraigne,
Because he will not let him haue his will:
Much lesse if lawfull for a mans owne sonne.
If *Baiazet* had iniur'd *Selimus*,
Or sought his death, or done him some abuse,
Then *Selimus* cause had bene more tollerable.
But *Baiazet* did neuer iniure him,
Nor sought his death, nor once abused him,
Vnlesse because he giues him not the crowne,
Being the yoongest of his highnesse sonnes.
Gauē he not him an Empire for his part,
The mightie Empire of great *Trebisond*?
So that if all things rightly be obseru'd,
Selim had more then euer he deseru'd.
I speake not this because I hate the prince,
For by the heavens I loue yoong *Selimus*,
Better then either of his brethren.
But for I owe allegiance to my king,
And loue him much that fauours me so much.
Mustassa, while old *Baiazet* doth liue,
Will be as true to him as to himselfe.

Cali. Why braue *Mustassa*, *Hali* and my selfe
Were neuer false vnto his maiestic.
Our father *Hali* died in the field,
Against the *Sophi*, in his highnesse wames.

And

of Selimtis, Emperour of the Turkes

And we will neuer be degenerate, A
 Nor do we take part with prince *Selimus*,
 Because we would depose old *Baiazet*,
 But for because we would not *Acornat*
 That leads his life still in lasciuious pompe,
 Nor *Corcut*, though he be a man of woorth,
 Should be commander of our Empire,
 For he that neuer saw his foes mans face,
 But alwaies slept vpon a Ladies lap,
 Will scant endure to lead a souldiers life,
 And he that neuer handled but his pettre,
 Will be vnskillfull at the warlike lance,
 Indeed his wisdom well may guide the crowne,
 And keepe that safe his predecessors got:
 But being giuen to peace as *Corcut* is,
 He neuer will enlarge the Empire;
 So that the rule and power ouer vs,
 Is onely fit for valiant *Selimus*,
Must. Princes, you know how mightie *Baiazet*
 Hath honoured *Mustaffa* with his loue.
 He gaue his daughter beaution *Solima*,
 To be the soueraigne mistresse of my thoughts,
 He made me captaine of the lanillaries,
 And too vnnaturall should *Mustaffa* be,
 To rise against him in his dying age,
 Yet know, you warlike peere, *Mustaffa* is
 A loyall friend vnto prince *Selimus*,
 And ere his other brethren get the crowne,
 For his sake, I my selfe will pull them downe:
 I loue, I loue them dearly, but the loue
 Which I do beare vnto my countries good,
 Makes me a friend to noble *Selimus*,
 Onely let *Baiazet* while he doth liue,
 Enioy in peace the Turkish Diademe,
 When he is dead, and layd in quiet graue,
 Then none but *Selimus* our helpe shall haue:

Sound

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Sound within. A Messenger enters; *Balaizer* awaketh.

Bala. How now *Mustassa*, what newes haue we there?
Is *Selim* vp in Armes gainst me againe?
Or is the *Sophi* entred our confines?
Hath the *Egyptian* snatch'd his crowne againe?
Or haue the vncontrolled Christians
Vnheath'd their swords to make more war on vs?
Such newes, or none will come to *Balaizer*.

Must. My gracious Lord, heres an Embassador
Come from your sonne the Souldan *Acomat*.

Bala. From *Acomat*? oh let him enter in.
Enter *Rahim*.

Embassadour, how fares our louing sonne?

Reg. Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,
Acomat Souldane of *Amasia*;
Greeteth your grace by me his messenger.

He giues him a Letter.
And gratulates your highnesse good successe,
Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

Bala. *Mustassa* reade.

He giues the letter to *Mustassa*, and speaks the
rest to himselfe.

Acomat craues thy promise *Balaizer*,
To giue the Empire vp into his hands,
And make it sure to him in thy life time.
And thou shalt haue it louely *Acomat*,
For I haue bene encombred long inough,
And vexed with the cares of kingly rule,
Now let the trouble of the Empire
Be buried in the bosome of thy sonne.
Ah *Acomat*, if thou haue such a raigne
So full of sorrow as thy fathers was,
Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and houre,
In which thou was establish'd Emperour.

Sound. A Messenger from *Corum*.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Yet more newes?

Mess. Long liue the mightie Emperour *Baiazet*,
Corcut the Soldan of *Magnesia*,
Hearing of *Selims* worthie ouerthrow,
And of the comming of yoong *Acomat*,
Doth certifie your maiestie by me,
How ioyfull he is of your victorie.
And therewithall he humbly doth require
Your grace would do him iustice in his cause.
His brethren both, vnworthie such a father,
Do seeke the Empire while your grace doth liue,
And that by vndirect sinister means.
But *Corcuts* mind free from ambitious thoughts,
And trusting to the goodnesse of his cause,
Ioynd vnto your highnesse tender loue,
Onely desires your grace should not inuest
Selim nor *Acomat*, in the Diademe,
Which appertaineth vnto him by right,
But keepe it to your selfe the while you liue:
And when it shall the great creator please,
Who hath the spirits of all men in his hands,
Shall call your highnesse to your latest home,
Then will he also sue to haue his right.

Baia. Like to a ship sayling without starres,
Whom waues do tosse one way and winds another,
Both without ceasing: euen so my poore heart
Endures a combat betwixt loue and right.
The loue I beare to my deare *Acomat*,
Commands me giue my suffrage vnto him,
But *Corcuts* title, being my eldest sonne,
Bids me recall my hand, and giue it him.
Acomat, he would haue it in my life,
But gentle *Corcut* like a louing sonne,
Desires me liue and die an Emperour,
And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.
Ah *Corcut* thou I see lou'st me indeed,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Selimus sought to thrust me downe by force,
And *Acomat* seekes the kingdome in my life,
And both of them are grieu'd thou liu'st so long.
But *Corcut* numb'reth not my dayes as they,
O how much dearer loues he me then they.
Bassas, how counsell you your Emperour?

Must. My gracious Lord, my self wil speak for al,
For all I know are minded as I am.
Your highnesse knowes the Iamissaries loue,
How firme they meane to cleaue to your behest,
As well you might perceiue in that sad fight,
When *Selim* set vpon you in your flight.
Then we do all desire you on our knees,
To keepe the crowne and scepter to your selfe.
How grieuous will it be ynto your thoughts,
If you should giue the crowne to *Acomat*,
To see the brethren disinherited,
To flesh their anger oue vpon another,
And rend the bowels of this mightie raigne.
Suppose that *Corcut* would be well content,
Yet thinkes your grace if *Acomat* were king,
That *Selim* ere long would ioine league with him?
Nay he would breake from forth his *Trebisond*,
And waste the Empire all with fire and sword.
Ah then too weake would be poore *Acomat*,
To stand against his brothers puillance,
Or saue himselfe from his enhanced hand.
While *Ismael* and the cruell Persians,
And the great Soldane of th' Egyptians,
Would smile to see our force dismembred so,
I and perchance the neighbour Christians
Would take occasion to thrust out their heads.
All this may be preuented by your grace,
If you will yeeld to *Corcuts* iust request,
And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue,
Meane time we that your graces subiects are,

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

May make vs strong, to fortifie the man,
Whō at your death your grace shal chuse as king.

Baia. O how thou speakest euer like thy selfe,
Loyall *Anstassia*: well were *Baiazet*
If all his sonnes, did beare such loue to him.
Though loth I am longer to weare the crowne,
Yet for I see it is my subiects will,
Once more will *Baiazet* be Emperour.
But we must send to pacifie our sonne,
Or he will storme, as earst did *Selimus*.
Come let vs go vnto our counsell Lord,
And there consider what is to be done.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat*, *Regan*, *Visir*, and his souldiers. *Acomat*
must read a letter, and then renting it say:

Aco. Thus will I rend the crowne from off thy head,
Falslie hearted and inurious *Baiazet*,
To mocke thy sonne that loued thee so deare,
What? for because the head-strong Ianissaries
Would not consent to honour *Acomat*,
And their base Bassaes vow'd to *Selimus*,
Thought me vnworthie of the Turkish crowne,
Should he be rul'd and ouerrul'd by them,
Vnder pretence of keeping it himselfe,
To wipe me cleane for euer being king?
Doth he esteeme so much the Bassaes words,
And prize their fauour at so high a rate,
That for to gratifie their stubborne mindes,
He casts away all care, and all respects
Of dutie, promise, and religious oathes?
Now by the holy Prophet *Mahomet*,
Chiefe president and patron of the Turkes,
I meane to challenge now my right by Armes,
And winne by sword that glorious dignitie
Which he iniuriously detaines from me.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Haply he thinkes because that *Selimus*:
Rebuted by his warlike Ianissaries,
Was faine to flie in hast from whence he came:
That *Acomat* by his example mou'd,
Will feare to manage Armes against his fire.
Or that my life forepassed in pleasures court,
Promises weake resistance in the fight:
But he shall know that I can vse my swoord,
And like a lyon seaze vpon my praie.
If euer *Selim* mou'd him heretofore,
Acomat meanes to mooue him ten times more.

Visir. T'were good your grace would to *Amasia*,
And there increase your camp with fresh supply.

Aco. Visir, I am impatient of delaie,
And since my father hath incens'd me thus,
He quench those kindled flames with his hart blood.
Not like a sonne, but a most cruell foe,
Will *Acomat* henceforth be vnto him.
March to *Natolia*, there we will begin
And make a preface to our massacres.
My nephew *Mahomet* sonne to *Alem-shah*,
Departed lately from *I. orium*,
Is lodged there, and he shall be the first
Whom I will sacrifice vnto my wrath.

Exeunt All.

Enter the young Prince *Mahomet*, the *Belierbey* of
Natolia, and one or two souldiers.

Maho. Lord Gouvernour, what thinke you best to doo?
If we receiue the Souldaine *Acomat*,
Who knoweth not but his blood-thirstie swoord
Shall be embowell'd in our country-men,
You know he is displeas'd with *Baiazet*,
And will rebell, as *Selim* did to fore,
And would to God with *Selims* ouerthrow.
You know his angrie heart hath vow'd reuenge
On all the subiects of his fathers land.

Belierbey.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Bel. Yoong prince, thy vncle seekes to haue thy life,
Because by right the Turkish crowne is thine,
Saue thou thy selfe by flight or otherwise,
And we will make resistance as we can.
Like an Armenian tygre, that hath lost
Her loued whelpes, so raueth *Acomat*:
And we must be subiect to his rage,
But you may liue to venge your citizens.
Then flie good prince before your vncle come.

Maho. Nay good my Lord, neuer shall it be said
That *Mahomet* the sonne of *Alemshae*,
Fled from his citizens for feare of death,
But I will staie, and helpe to fight for you,
And if you needs must die, ile die with you.
And I among the rest with forward hand,
Will helpe to kill a common enemy.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and the souldiers.

Acco. Now faire *Natolia*, shall thy stately walles
Be ouerthrowne and beaten to the ground.
My heart within me for reuenge still calles.
Why *Baiazet*, thought'st thou that *Acomat*
Would put vp such a monstrous iniurie?
Then had I brought my chiuallrie in vaine,
And to no purpose drawne my conquering blade,
Which now vn sheath'd, shal not be sheath'd againe,
Till it a world of bleeding soules hath made.
Poore *Mahomet*, thou thought'st thy selfe too sure,
In thy strong citie of *Iconium*,
To plant thy Forces in *Natolia*,
VWeakned so much before by *Selims* swoord.
Summon a parley to the citizens,
That they may heare the dreadfull words I speak,
And die in thought before they come to blowes.

All. A parley *Mahomet*, *Belterbey*, and souldiers
on the walles.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Maho. What craues our vncke *Acomat* of vs?

Aco. That thou & all the citie yeeld themselves,
Or by the holie rites of *Mahomet*

His wondrous tomb, and sacred *Alcoran*,
You all shall die: and not a common death,
But euen as monstrous as I can deuise.

Maho. Vncke, if I may call you by that name,
Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood,
You do vs wrong thus to besiege our towne,
That nere deseru'd such hatred at your hands,
Being your friends and kinsmen as we are.

Aco. In that thou wrongst me that thou art my kinsman.

Maho. Why for I am thy nephew doest thou frowne?

Aco. I that thou art so neare vnto the crowne.

Maho. Why vncke I resigne my right to thee,
And all my title were it nere so good.

Aco. Wilt thou? then know assuredly from me,
Ile seale the resignation with thy blood:
Though *Alemshae* thy father lou'd me well,
Yet *Mahomet* thy sonne shall downe to hell.

Mah. Why vncke doth my life put you in feare?

Aco. It shall not nephew, since I haue you here.

Maho. VVhen I am dead, mote hindrers shalt thou finde.

Acom. VVhen ones cut off, the fewer are behinde.

Maho. Yet thinke the gods do beare an equall eye.

Aco. Faith if they all were squint-ey'd, what care I.

Maho. Then *Mahomet* know we will rather die,
Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.

Aco. Beshrew me but you be the wiser *Mahomet*,
For if I do but catch you boy aliue,
Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton.
Sirs scale the walles, and pull the cartiues downe,
I giue to you the spoyle of all the towne.

Alarum. Scale the walles. Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*
and *Regan*, with *Mahomet*.

Acom. Now yoongster, you that brau'dst vs on the walles,
And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And shooke your plumed crest against our shield,
VVhat wouldst thou giue, or what wouldst thou not giue,
That thou wert far inough from *Acomat*?

How like the villaine is to *Baiazet*?

VVel nephew for thy father lou'd me well,

I will not deale extreemly with his sonne:

Then heare a brieft compendium of thy death.

Regan go cause a groue of Steelehead speares,

Be pitched thicke vnder the castle wall,

And on them let this youthfull captaine fall.

Ma. Thou shalt not fear me *Acomat* with death,

Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.

But as thou gi'st me such a monstrous death,

So do I freely leaue to thee my curse:

Exit Regan with Mahomet.

Aco. O, that wil serue to fil my fathers purse.

Alarum. Enter a souldier with *Zonara*, sister

to *Mahomet*.

Zon. Ah pardon me deare vncle, pardon me.

Aco. No minion, you are too neare a kin to me.

Zon. If euer pitie entered thy brest,

Or euer thou wast touch'd with womans loue,

Sweete vncle spare wretched *Zonaras* life.

Thou once wast noted for a quiet prince,

Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe,

Ah do not prooue a lyon vnto me.

Aco. VVhy would'st thou liue, when *Mahomet* is dead?

Ron. Ah who slew *Mahomet*? Vncle did you?

Aco. He thats prepar'd to do as much for you.

Zon. Doe'st thou not pitie *Alemshae* in me?

Aco. Yes that he wants so long thy companie.

Zon. Thou art not false groome son to *Baiazet*,

He would relent to heare a woman weepe,

But thou wast borne in desert *Caucasus*,

And the *Hircanian* tygres gaue thee sucke,

Knowing thou wert a monster like themselves.

Acomat.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Aco. Let you her thus to rate vs? Strangle her.

They strangle her.

Now scoure the streets, and leaue not one aliue

To carrie these sad newes to *Baiazet*.

That all the citizens may dearly say,

This day was fatall to *Natolia*.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, and the Ianissaries.

Ba. *Mustaffa*, if my minde deceiue me not,

Some strange misfortune is not farre from me.

I was not wont to tremble in this sort.

Me thinkes I feele a cold run through my bones,

As if it hastued to surprize my heart,

Me thinkes some voice still whispereth in my eares

And bids me to take heed of *Acomat*.

Must. Tis but your highnesse ouercharged mind

VVhich feareth most the things it least desires.

Enter two souldiers with the *Belierbey* of *Natolia* in a chaire,

and the bodie of *Mahomet* and *Zonara*, in two coffins.

Ba. Ah sweet *Mustaffa*, thou art much deceiu'd,

My minde presages me some future harme,

And loe what dolefull exequie is here.

Our chiefe commander of *Natolia*?

VVhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee?

And who are these couered in to black hearfe?

Bel. These are thy nephewes mightie *Baiazet*,

The sonne and daughter of good *Alemshae*,

VVhom cruell *Acomat* hath mured thus.

These eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure,

They hurld the bodie of yoong *Mahomet*,

VVhereas a band of armed souldiers,

Receiued him falling on their speares sharp points.

His sister poore *Zonara*,

Entreating life and not obtaining it,

VVas strangled by his barbarous souldiers.

Baiazet falls in a swoond, and being recouered say:

Baia.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Baia. Oh you dispensers of our haplesse breath,
Why do you glut your eyes, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries?
Wherefore haue you prolong'd my wretched life,
To see my sonne my dearest *Acomat*,
To lift his hands against his fathers life?
Ah *Selimus*, now do I pardon thee,
For thou did'st set vpon me manfully,
And mou'd by an occasion, though yniust.
But *Acomat*, iniurious *Acomat*,
Is tentimes more vnnaturall to me,
Haplesse *Zonara*, haplesse *Mahomet*,
The poore remainder of my *Alemshae*,
Which of you both shall *Baiazet* most waile?
Ah both of you are worthe to be wailde.
Happily dealt the froward fates with thee,
Good *Alemshae*, for thou didst die in field,
And so preuentedst this sad spectacle,
Pitifull spectacle of sad dreeriment,
Pitirull spectacle of dismall death.
But I haue liu'd to see thee *Alemshae*,
By *Tartar* Pirates all in peeces torne.
To see yong *Selims* disobedience,
To see the death of *Alemshaes* poore seed,
And last of all to see my *Acomat*,
Prooue a rebellious enemy to me.

Beli. Ah cease your teares vnhappie Emperour,
And shead not all for your poore nephews death.
Six thousand of true-hearted citizens
In faire *Natolia*, *Acomat* hath slaine:
The channels run like riuerets of blood,
And I escap'd with this poore compande,
Bemangled and dismembred as you see,
To be the messenger of these sad newes.
And now mine eyes fast swimming in pale death,
Bids me resigne my breath vnto the heathens,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Death stands before ready for to strike.
 Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our losse,
 As euer thou doest hope for happinesse. He dies.
Baia. *Auarus* iawes and loathsome *Tantalus*,
 From whence the damned ghaists do often creep,
 Back to the world to punish wicked men.
 Black *Demogorgon*, grandfather of night,
 Send out thy furies from thy fire hally,
 The pitilesse *Erymnus* armed with whippes,
 And all the damned monsters of black hells,
 To powre their plagues on cursed *Acomar*,
 How shall I mourne, or which way shall I turne
 To powre my teares vpon my dearest friends?
 Couldst thou endue false hearted *Acomar*,
 To kill thy nephew and thy sister child,
 And wound to death so valiant a Lord?
 And will you not you albeholding heavens,
 Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand,
 Enroll in sulphur, and consuming flames?
 Ah do not *Ioue*, *Acomar* is my sonne,
 And may perhaps by counsell be reclaim'd,
 And brought to filiall obedience.
 Aga thou art a man of peisant wit,
 Go thou and talke with my sonne *Acomar*,
 And see if he will any way relent.
 Speake him faire *Aga*, least he kill thee too,
 And we my Lords will in, and mourne a while,
 Ouere these princes lamentable tombe.

Exeunt all but *Acomar* and his
 soldiers.

Aco. As *Tityus* in the countrie of the dead,
 With restless cries doth call vpon high *Ioue*,
 The while the vulture teth on his heart,
 So *Acomar*, reuenge still gnawes thy soule.
 I thinke my souldiers hands haue bene too slow,

In

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

In sheading blood, and murthering innocents,
I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient,
Since ciuill blood quenchereth not out the flames,
Which *Baiazet* hath kindled in my heart.

Visir. My gracious Lord, here is a messenger
Sent from your father the Emperour.

Enter *Aga*, and one with him.

Aco. Let him come in: *Aga*, what newes with you?

Aga. Great Prince, thy father mightie *Baiazet*,
Wonders your grace, whom he did loue so much,
And thought to leaue possessor of the crowne,
Would thus requite his loue with mortall hate,
To kill thy nephewes with reuenging sword,
And massacre his subiects in such sort.

Aco. *Aga*, my father traitrous *Baiazet*,
Detaines the crowne iniuriously from me,
Which I will haue if all the world say nay.
I am not like the vmanured land,
Which answers not his honours greedie mind:
I sow not seeds vpon the barren land,
A thousand wayes can *Acomat* soone finde,
To gaine my will, which if I cannot gaine,
Then purple blood my angry hands shall staine.

Aga. *Acomat*, yet learne by *Selimus*,
That hastie purposes haue hated endes.

Aco. Tush *Aga*, *Selim* was not wise enough
To set vpon the head of the first brunt;
He should haue done as I do meane to do,
Fill all the confines, with fire, sword, and blood,
Burne vp the fields, and ouerthrow whole townes,
And when he had endamaged that way,
Thē teare the old man peece meale with my teeth,
And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood.

Aga. O see my Lord, how fell ambition
Deceiues your senses and bewitces you,
Could you vnkind performe so foule a deed,

The first part of the Tragical raigne

As kill the man, that first gaue life to you?
Do you not feare the peoples aduerse fame?

Aco. It is the greatest glorie of a king
When, though his subjects hate his wicked deeds
Yet are they faine to beare them all with praise.

Aga. Whom feare constraines to praise their princes deeds,
That feare, eternall hatred in them feeds.

Aco. He knowes not how to sway the kingly mace,
That loues to be great in his peoples grace:
The surest ground for kings to build vpon,
Is to be feared and curst of euery one.

What though the world of nations me hate?
Hate is peculiar to a princes state.

Aga. Where ther's no shame, no care of holy law,
No faith, no iustice, no integritie,
That state is full of mutabilitie.

Aco. Bare faith, pure vertue, poore integritie,
Are ornaments fit for a private man,
Beseemes a prince for to do all he can.

Aga. Yet know it is a sacrilegious will,
To slaie thy father were he here so ill.

Aco. Tis lawfull gray-beard for to do to him,
What ought not to be done vnto a father.
Hath he not wip't me from the Turkish crowne?
Preferr'd he not the stubborne Janizaries,
And heard the Basses shout petitions,
Before he would giue eare to my request?

As sure as day, mine eyes shall nere fast sleepe,
Before my sword haue riuen his perur'd brest.

Aga. Ah let me neuer liue to see that day.

Aco. Yes thou shalt liue, but neuer see that day,
Wanting the tapers that should giue thee light.

Thou shalt not see to great felicitie,
When I shall rend out *Bassas* thine eyes,
And by his death install my selfe a king.

Aga.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Aga. Ah cruell tyrant and vnmercifull,
More bloodie then the *Anthropomphagi*,
That fill their hungry stomachs with mans flesh,
Thou shouldst haue slaine me barbarous *Acomat*,
Nor leaue me in so comfortlesse a life
To liue on earth, and neuer see the sunne.

Aco. Nay let him die that liueth at his ease,
Death would a wretched caitiue greatly please.

Aga. And thinkst thou then to scape vnpuished,
No *Acomat*, though both mine eyes be gone,
Yet are my hands left on to murder thee.

Aco. T'was wel remembred: *Regan* cut them off.

They cut of his hands and giue them *Acomat*.
Now in that sort go tell thy Emperour
That if himselfe had but bene in thy place,
I would haue vs'd him crueller then thee:
Here take thy hands: I know thou lou'st them wel.

Opens his bosome, and puts them in.
Which hand is this? right? or left? canst thou tell?

Aga. I know not which it is, but tis my hand.
But oh thou supreme architect of all,
First mouer of those tenfold christall orbes,
Where all those mouing, and vnmouing eyes
Behold thy goodnesse euerlastingly:
See, vnto thee I list these bloudie armes,
For hands I haue not for to list to thee,
And in thy iustice dart thy sinouldring flame
Vpon the head of cursed *Acomat*.
Oh cruell heauens and iniurious fates,
Euen the last refuge of a wretched man,
Is tooke from me: for how can *Aga* weep?
Or ruine a brinish shew of pearled teares?
Wanting the watry cetermes of his eyes?
Come lead me backe againe to *Bihazer*,
The wofullest, and saddest Embassadour
That euer was dispatch'd to any King.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Aco. Why so, this musicke pleases *Acomat*.
 And would I had my doating father here,
 I would rip vp his breast, and rend his heart,
 Into his bowels thru't my angry hands,
 As willingly, and with as good a mind,
 As I could be the Turkish Emperour.
 And by the cleare declining vault of heaven,
 Whither the soules of dying men do flee,
 Either I meane to dye the death my selfe,
 Or make that old false fautor bleed his last.
 For death no sorrow could vnto me bring,
 So *Acomot* might die the Turkish king.

Exeunt All.

Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cali, Holi, and Agaled
 by a souldier: who keeling before *Baiazet*,
 and holding his legs shall say:

Aga. Is this the bodie of my soueraigne?
 Are these the sacred pillars that support
 The image of true magnanimitie?
 Ah *Baiazet*, thy sonne false *Acomat*
 Is full resolu'd to take thy life from thee:
 Tis true, tis true, witnessse these handlelesse armes,
 VVitnessse these emptie lodges of mine eyes,
 VVitnessse the gods that from the highest heaven
 Beheld the tyrant with remorselesse heart,
 Pul'd out mine eyes, and cut off my weake hands.
 VVitnessse that sun whose golden coloured beames
 Your eyes do see, but mine can nere behold:
 VVitnessse the earth that sucked vp my blood,
 Streaming in riuers from my tronked armes,
 VVitnessse the presene that he sends to thee,
 Open my bosome, there you shall it see.

Mustaffa opens his bosome and takes out
 his hands.

Those are the hands, which *Aga* once did vse,
 To tossle the speare, and in a warlike gyre

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

To hurtle my sharpe sword about my head,
Thou sends he to the wofull Emperour,
With purpose so cut thy hands from thee.
Why is my soueraigne silent all this while?

Ba. Ah *Aga*, *Baiazet* faine would speak to thee,
But sodaine sorrow eateth vp my words.

Baiazet *Aga*, faine would weepe for thee,

But cruell sorrow drieth vp my teares.

Baiazet *Aga*, faine would die for thee,

But grieve hath weakned my poore aged hands.

How can he speak, whose tongue sorrow hath tide?

How can he mourne, that cannot shead a teare?

How shall he liue, that full of miserie

Calleth for death, which will not let him die?

Must. Let women weep, let children powre foot

And cowards spend the time in bootlesse mone,

Wee'l load the earth with such a mightie hoast

Of Ianizaries, sterne-borne sonnes of *Mars*,

That *Phob* shall flie and hide him in the cloudes

For feare our iauelins thrust him from his waine.

Old *Aga* was a Prince among your Lords,

His Counsels alwaies were true oracles,

And shall he thus vnmanly be misus'd,

And he unpunished that did the deed?

Shall *Mahomet* and poore *Zonaras* ghaasts,

And the good gouernour of *Natalia*

Wander in *Strygian* meadowes vnreueng'd?

Good Emperour stir vp thy manly heart,

And send forth all thy warlike Ianizaries

To chastise that rebellious *Acomas*.

Thou knowst we cannot fight without a guide,

And he must be one of the royall blood,

Sprung from the loines of mightie *Ottoman*,

And who remains now, but yoong *Selimus*?

So please your grace to pardon his offence,

And make him captaine of th'imperiall hoast.

Baia.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Baia. I good *Mustaffa*, send for *Selimus*,
So I may be reueng'd, I care not how,
The worst that can befall me is but death,
That would end my wofull miserie.

Selimus he must worke me this good turne,
I cannot kill my selfe, hee'l do't for me.
Come *Aga*, thou and I will weepe the while:
Thou for thy eyes and losse of both thy hands,
I for th'vnrindnesse of my *Acomat*.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Selimus*, and a messenger with a letter

from *Baiazet*.

Selim. Will fortune fauour me yet once againe?
And will she thrust the cards into my hands?
VVell if I chance but once to get the deeke,
To deale about and shuffle as I would:
Let *Selim* neuer see the day-light spring,
Vnlesse I shuffle out my selfe a king.
Friend let me see thy letter once againe,
That I may read these reconciling lines:

Reades the letter.

Thou hast a pardon *Selim* granted thee,
Mustaffa and the forward *Ianizaries*
Haue sued to thy father *Baiazet*,
That thou maist be their captaine generall
Against th'attempts of *Souldane Acomat*.
VVhy thats the thing that I requested most,
That I might once th'imperiall armie leade:
And since its offred me so willingly,
Besheue me but ile take their curtesie.
Soft let me see is there no policie
T'entrap poore *Selimus* in this deuce?
It may be that my father feares me yet,
Least I should once againe rise vp in armes,
And like *Antaus* queld by *Hercules*,
Gather new forces by my ouerthrow:

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And therefore sends for me vnder pretence
Of this, and that: but when he hath me there,
Hee'll make me sure for putting him in feare.
Distrust is good, when theirs cause of distrust.
Read it againe, perchance thou doest mistake.
(Reade.

O, heere's *Mustaffas* signet set thereto,
Then *Selim* cast all foolish feare aside,
For hee's a Prince that fauours thy estate,
And hateth treason worse then death it selfe.
And hardly can I thinke he could be brought
If there were treason, to subscribe his name.
Come friend, the cause requires we shuld be gone,
Now once againe haue at the Turkish throne.

Exeunt Both.

Enter *Baiazer* leading *Aga*, *Mustaffa*,
Hali, *Cali*, *Selimus*, the *Ianizaries*.

Baia. Come mournfull *Aga*, come and sit by me,
Thou hast bene sorely grieu'd for *Baiazer*,
Good reason then that he should grieue for thee.
Giue me thy arm, though thou hast lost thy hands,
And liu'st as a poore exile in this light,
Yet hast thou wonne the heart of *Baiazer*.

Aga. Your graces words are verie comfortable,
And well can *Aga* beare his grievous losse,
Since it was for so good a Princes sake.

Seli. Father, if I may call thee by that name,
Whose life I aim'd at with rebellious sword:
In all humilitie thy reformed sonne,
Offers himselfe into your graces hands,
And at your feete laith his bloodie sword,
Which he aduanc'd against your maiestie.
If my offence do seeme so odious
That I deserue not longer time to liue,
Behold I open vnto you my brest,
Readie prepar'd to die at your command.

G

But

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

But if repentance in vnfaigned heart,
And sorrow for my grievous crime forepast,
May merit pardon at your princely hands:
Behold where poore inglorious *Selimus*,
Vpon his knees begs pardon of your grace.

Baia. Stand vp my son, Ioy to heare thee speak,
But more, to heare thou art so well reclaim'd.
Thy crime was nere so odious vnto me,
But thy reformed life and humble thoughts,
Are thrice as pleasing to my aged spirit.
Selim we here pronounce thee by our will,
Chiefe generall of the warlike *Ianizaries*.
Go lead them out against false *Acomat*,
Which hath so grievously rebell'd gainst me,
Spare him not *Selim*, though he be my sonne,
Yet do I now cleane disinherit him,
As common enemy to me and mine.

Seli. May *Selim* live to shew how dutifull
And louing he will be to *Baiazet*.
So now doth fortune smile on me againe,
And in regard of former iniuries,
Offer me millions of Diadems:
I smile to see how that the good old man,
Thinks *Selims* thoughts are brought to such an ebbe
As he hath cast off all ambitious hope.
But soone shall that opinion be remou'd,
For if I once get mongst the *Ianizars*,
Then on my head the golden crowne shall sit.
Well *Baiazet*, I feare me thou wilt greeue,
That ere thou didst thy faining sonne beleue.

Exit Selim, with all the rest, saue *Baiazet*
and *Aga*.

Ba. Now *Aga*, all the thoughts that troubled me,
Do rest within the center of my heart,
And thou shalt shortly ioy as much with me,
Then *Acomat* by *Selims* consuming sword,

Shall

of *Selimus*, Emperour of the *Turkes*.

Shall leefe that ghoast, which made thee loose thy fight.

Aga. Ah *Baiazet*, *Aga* lookes not for reuenge,
But will powre out his praier to the heauens,
That *Acomat* may learne by *Selimus*,
To yeeld himselfe vp to his fathers grace.

Sound within, long liue *Selimus* Emperour
of *Turkes*.

Baia. How now, what sodaine triumph haue we here?

Must. Ah gracious Lord, the captaines of the hoste,
With one assent haue crown'd Prince *Selimus*,
And here he comes with all the *Ianizaries*,
To craue his confirmation at thy hands.

Enter *Cali Bassa*, *Selimus*, *Hali Bassa*, *Sinam*,
and the *Ianizaries*.

Sinam. *Baiazet*, we the captaines of thy hoast,
Knowing thy weake and too vnwildie age;
Vnable is longer to gouerne vs:

Haue chosen *Selimus* thy yoonger sonne.
That he may be our leader and our guide,
Against the *Sophi* and his *Persians*,
Gainst the victorious Soldane *Tonumbey*.

Their wants but thy consent, which we wil haue,
Or hew thy bodie peece-meale with our swords.

Baia. Needs must I giue, what is alreadie gone.

He takes of his crowne.

Here *Selimus*, thy father *Baiazet*

Weeried with cares that wayt vpon a king,
Resignes the crowne as willingly to thee,
As ere my father gaue it vnto me.

Sets it on his head.

All. Long liue *Selimus* Emperour of *Turkes*!

Baia. Liue thou a long and a victorious raigne,
And be triumpher of thine enemies.

Aga and I will to *Dimoticum*,
And liue in peace the remnant of our dayes.

Exit Baiazet and Aga.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Seli. Now sit I like the arme-strong son of *Ioue*,
When after he had all his monsters quell'd,
He was receiu'd in heauen mongst the gods,
And had faire *Hebe* for his lovely bride,
As many labours *Selimus* hath had,
And now at length attained to the crowne.
This is my *Hebe*, and this is my heauen.

Baiazet goeth to *Dimeticum*,
And there he purposes to liue at ease,
But *Selimus*, as long as he is on earth,
Thou shalt not sleep in rest without some broyle,
For *Baiazet* is vnconstant as the winde :
To make that sure I haue a platforme laid.
Baiazet hath with him a cunning Jew,
Professing phisicke, and so skill'd therein,
As if he had pow'r ouer life and death.
Withall, a man so stout and resolute,
That he will venture any thing for gold.
This Jew with some intoxicated drinke,
Shall poyson *Baiazet* and that blind Lord,
Then one of *Hydraes* heads is cleane cut off.
Go some and fetch *Abraham* the Jew.

Exit one for Abraham.

Corcut, thy pageant next is to be plaid.
For though he be a graue Philosopher,
Giuén to read *Mahomet's* dread lawes,
And *Razins* toyes, and *Anicermes* drugges,
Yet he may haue a longing for the crowne.
Besides, he may by diuellish Negromancie
Procure my death, or worke my ouerthrow,
The diuell still is readie to do harme.
Hali, you and your brother presently
Shall with an armie to *Magnesia*,
There you shall find the scholler at his booke,
And hear'st thou *Hali*? strangle him.

Exeunt Hali, and Cali.

Corcut

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Corcut once dead, then *Acomat* remains,
Whose death will make me certaine of the crowne.
These heads of *Hydra* are the principall,
When these are off, some other will arise,
As *Amurath* and *Aladin*, sonnes to *Acomat*,
My sister *Solyra*, *Mustaffaes* wife,
All these shall suffer shipwrack on a shelve,
Rather then *Selim* will be drown'd himselfe.

Enter *Abraham* the Iew.

Iew thou art welcome vnto *Selimus*,
I haue a piece of seruice for you sir,
But on your life be secret in the deed.
Get a strong poyson, whose enuenom'd taste
May take away the life of *Baiazet*,
Before he passe forth of *Bizantium*.

Abra. I warrant you my gracious soueraigne,
He shall be quickly sent vnto his graue,
For I haue potions of so strong a force,
That whosoever touches them shall die.

Speakes aside.

And wold your grace would once but tast of them
I could as willingly affoord them you,
As your aged father *Baiazet*.
My Lord, I am resolu'd to do the deed.

Exit. *Abraham*.

Seli. So this is well: for I am none of those
That make a conscience for to kill a man.
For nothing is more hurtfull to a Prince,
Then to be scrupulous and religious.
I like *Lysanders* counsell passing well,
If that I cannot speed with Lyons force,
To cloath my complots in a foxes skin.
For th'onely things that wrought our Empire,
Were open wrongs, and hidden trecherie.
Oh, th'are two wings wherewith I vse to flie,
And soare above the common sort.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

If any seeke our wrongs to remedie,
With these I take his meditation short,
And one of these shall stil maintaine my cause,
Or foxes skin, or lions rending pawes.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Aga*, in mourning clokes,

Abraham the Iew with a cup.

Bai. Come *Aga* let vs sit and mourne a while,
For fortune neuer thew'd her selfe so crosse,

To any Prince as to poore *Baiazet*.

That wofull Emperour first of my name,

Whom the Tartarians locked in cage,

To be a spectacle to all the world,

Was ten times happier then I am.

For *Tamberlaine* the scourge of nations,

Was he that puld him from his kingdome so.

But mine owne sonnes, expell me from the throne,

Ah where shall I begin to make my mone.

Or what shall I first reckon in my plaint,

From my youth vp I haue bene drown'd in woe,

And to my latest houre I shall be so.

You swelling seas of neuer ceasing care,

Whose waues my weather-beaten ship do tosse,

Your boystrous billowes too vnruely are

And threaten still my ruine and my losse :

Like hugie mountaines do your waters reare,

Their loftie toppes, and my weake vessell crosse.

Alas at length all aie your stormie strife,

And cruell wrath within me rages rise.

Or else my feeble barke cannot endure,

Your flashing buffets and outrageous blowes,

But while thy foamie floud doth it immure,

Shall soone be wrackt vpon the sandie shallowes.

Griefe my leaud boat-swaine stirreth nothing sure,

But without stars gainst tide and wind he rowes,

And cares not though vpon some rock we split,

Are these

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

A restlesse pilot for the charge vnfit.
But out alas! the god that vales the sea,
And can alone this raging tempest stent,
Will neuer blow a gentle gale of ease,
But suffer my poore vessell to be rent.
Then ô thou blind procurer of mischance,
That staist thy selfe vpon a turning wheele,
Thy cruel hand euen when thou wilt enhance,
And pierce my poore hart with thy chrillant Steele

Aga. Cease *Baiazet*, now it is *Aga* turne,
Rest thou a while and gather vp more teares,
The while poore *Aga* tell his Tragedie.
When first my mother brough me to the world,
Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie,
Portending miserable chance to me.
My parents were but men of poore estate,
And happier yet had wretched *Aga* bene,
If *Baiazet* had not exalted him.

Poore *Aga*, had it not bene much more faire,
Th'haue died among the cruell Persians,
Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie
To liue and neuer see the cheerfull day,
And to want hands wherewith to feele the way.

Ba. Leau weeping *Aga*, we haue wept inough,
Now *Baiazet* will ban another while,
And vtter curses to the coneaues skie,
Which may infect the regions of the ayre,
And bring a generall plague on all the world.
Night thou most antient grand-mother of all,
First made by *Ioue*, for rest and quiet sleepe,
When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide hall.
Henceforth thy mantle in blak *Leibe* sleepe,
And cloath the world in darknesse infernall.
Suffer not once the ioyfull daileight peepe,
But let thy pitchie steeds aye draw thy waine,
And coaleblack silence in the world still raigne.

Curse

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Curse on my parents that first brought me vp,

And on the cradle wherein I was rockt,

Curse on the day when first I was created

The chiefe commander of all *Asia*.

Curse on my sonnes that driue me to this griefe,

Curse on my selfe that can finde no reliefe.

And curse on him, an euerlasting curse,

That quench'd those lampes of euerburning light,

And tooke away my *Agas* warlike hands.

And curse on all things vnder the wide skie,

Ah *Aga*, I haue curs't my stomacke drie.

Abra. I haue a drinke my Lords of noble worth,

Which soone will calme your stormie passions,

And glad your hearts if so you please to taste it.

Baia. For who art thou that thus doest pitie vs?

Abra. Your highnesse humble seruant *Abrahā*.

Baia. *Abrahams* sit downe and drink to *Baiazet*.

Abra. Faith I am old as well as *Baiazet*,

And haue not many months to lue on earth,

I care not much to end my life with him.

Heer's to you Lordings with a full carouse.

He drinkes.

Baia. Here *Aga*, wofull *Baiazet* drinkes to thee.

Abraham, hold the cup to him while he drinkes.

Abra. Now know old Lords, that you haue drunk your last

This was a potion which I did prepare

To poyson you, by *Selimus* instigation,

And now it is disperfed through my bones,

And glad I am that such companions

Shall go with me downe to *Proserpina*.

He dies.

Baia. Ah wicked Iew, ah cursed *Selimus*,

How haue the destins dealt with *Baiazet*,

That none shuld cause my death but mine own son?

Had *Ismael* and his warlike Persians

Pierced my bodie with their iron speares,

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Or had the strong vnconquer'd *Tamubey*
With his Aegyptians tooke me prisoner,
And sent me with his valiant Mammalukes,
To be praie vnto the *Crocodilus*.

It neuer would haue grieu'd me halfe so much.

But welcome death into whose calme port,

My sorrow-beaten soule ioyes to arriue.

And now farewell my disobedient sonnes,

Vnnaturall sonnes vnworthie of that name.

Farewell sweete life, and *Aga* now farewell,

Till we shall meete in the *Elysian* fields.

He dies.

Aga. What greater griefe had mournful *Priamus*,

Then that he liu'd to see his *Hector* die,

His citie burnt downe by reuenging flames,

And poore *Polixes* slaine before his face?

Aga, thy griefe is matchable to his,

For I haue liu'd to see my soueraignes death,

Yet glad that I must breath my last with him.

And now farewell sweet light, which my poore eyes

These twice six moneths neuer did behold:

Aga will follow noble *Baiazer*,

And beg a boone of louely *Proserpine*,

That he and I may in the mournfull fields,

Still weepe and waile our strange calamities.

He dies

Enter *Bullshumble*, the shepheard running in hast,

and laughing to himselfe.

Bull. Ha, ha, ha, married quoth you? Marry and *Bullshumble*
were to begin the world againe, I would set a tap abroad,
and not liue in daily feare of the breach of my wiues ten-com-
mandemens. Ile tell you what, I thought my selfe as proper a
fellow at wasters, as any in all our village, and yet when my wife
begins to plaie clabbes trumpe with me, I am faine to sing:

What hap had I to marry a shrew,

For she hath giuen me many a blow,

H

And

The first part of the Tragicall raigne to

And how to please her alas I do not know
 From morne to euen her too long ne'r lies
 Sometime she laughs, sometime she cries
 And I can scarce keep her talēts fro my eyes
 When from abroad I do come in
 Sir knaue the cries, where haue you bin
 Thus please, or displease, she lies
 Then do I crouch, then do I kneele,
 And with my cap were fix'd with Steele,
 To beare the blows that my poore head doth feele.
 But our sir *Iohn* he threw thy hair,
 For thou hast ioyn'd vs we cannot part,
 And I poore foole, must euer beare the smart.

He tell you what, this morning while I was making me ready, she came with a holly wand, and so blest my shoulders that I was faine to runne through a whole Alphabet of faces: now at the last seeing she was so cramm'd with me, I began to sweare all the crisse crosse row ouer, beginning at great A, litle a, till I came to w, x, y. And snatching vp my sheephooke, & my bottle and my bag, like a desperate fellow ranne away, and here now ile sit downe and eate my meate.

While he is eating, Enter *Corant* and his Page,
 disguised like mouniers.

Cor. O hatefull hellish snake of *Tartary*,
 That feedest on the soule of noblest men,
 Damned ambition, cause of all miserie,
 Why dost thou creep from out thy loathsome fen,
 And with thy poyson animatest friends,
 And gape and long one for the others ends,
Selimus, couldst thou not content thy mind,
 With the possession of the sacred throne,
 Which thou didst get by fathers death vnkind:
 Whose poison'd ghost before high God doth grone.
 But thou must seeke poore *Corantus* ouerthrow,
 That neuer iniured thee, so, nor so?

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Old Halis *Senner* with two great companies
Of *barbed* buffe, were sent from *Selimus*,
To take me prisoner in *Maenestis*,
And death I am sure should haue befell to me,
If they had once but set their eyes on me.
So thus disguised my poore Page and I,
Fled fast to *Smirna*, where in a darke caue
We meant t'await th'arrivall of some ship
That might transieit vs safely vnto *Rhodes*.
But see how fortune crost my enterprife.

Bostanger *Bassa* *Selims* *son* in law,
Kept all the sea coasts with his *Brigandines*,
That if we had but ventured on the sea,
I presently had bene his prisoner.
These two dayes haue we kept vs in the caue,
Eating such hearbes as the ground did afford:
And now through hunger are we both constrain'd
Like fearefull snakes to creep out step by step,
And see if we may get vs any food.
And in good time see yonder sits a man,
Spreading a hungry dinner on the grasse.

Bull *brumle* spies them, and purs vp his meate.

Bull. These are some felonians, that ike to rob me, well, ile
make my selfe a good deale valiant, then I am indeed, and if
they will needes creep into kundred with me, ile betake me to
my old occupation, and runne away.

Corcur. Haile groome.

Bull. Good Lord sir, you are deceived, my names master *Bull*
brumle: this is some coufoning conicatching crosbiter, that
would faine periwade me he knowes me, and so vnder a tence of
familiaritie and acquaintance, vncle me of victuals.

Corcur. Then *Bull* *brumle*, if that be thy name:

Bull. My name sir, O Lord yes, and if you wil not beleue me,
I wil bring my godfathers and godmothers, and they shal swear
it vpon the tomb-stone, and vpon the churche buoke too, where
it is written.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne 10

Bull. Masse, I thinke he be some Iustice of peace, *ad mortuam* and *omnium populorum*, how he fattineth me: a christian, yes marrie am I sir, yes verely and do beleue: and it please you ile goe forward in my catechisme.

Corcut. Then *Bullisbrumle*, by that blessed Christ, And by the tombe where he was buried, By soueraigne hope which thou conceiust in him, Whom dead, as euerliving thou adorest;

Bull. O Lord helpe me, I shall be torne in peeces with diuels and goblins.

Corcut. By all the ioyes thou hopst to haue in heauen, Giue some meate to poore hunger-starved men.

Bull. Oh, these are as a man should say beggars: Now will I be as stately to them as if I were maister *Pigwiggan* our constable: well sirs come before me, tell me if I should entertain you, would you not steale?

Page. If we did meane so sir, we would not make your wor-ship acquainted with it.

Bull. A good well nutrimented lad: well if you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly, keeping your hands from lying and slander, and your tongues from picking and stealing, you shall be maister *Bullisbrumles* seruantes.

Corcut. With all our hearts.

Bull. Then come on and follow me; we will haue a hogges cheek, and a dish of tripes, and a societie of puddings, & to field: a societie of puddings, did you marke that well viced metaphor? Another would haue said, a company of puddings: if you dwell with me long sirs, I shall make you as eloquent as our parson himselte.

Exeunt Corcut, and Bullisbrumle.

Page. Now is the time when I may be enrich'd. The brethren that were sent by *Solmus* To take my Lord, Prince *Corcut* prisoner, Finding him fled, proposed large rewards To them that could declare where he remains. Faith ile to them and get the portagues,

Though

of *Selimus*, Emperour of the *Turkes*.

Though by the bargain *Corent* loose his head.

Exit Page.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam-bassa*, the courtes of *Mustaffa* and *Aga*,
with funerall pompe, *Mustaffa*, and the *Ianizaries*.

Seli. Why thus must *Selim* blind his subiect eies,

And straine his owne to weep for *Baiazet*.

They will not dreame I made him away,

When thus they see me with religious pompe,

To celebrate his tomb-blacke mortarie. (To himselfe.)

And though my heart cast in an iron mould,

Cannot admit the smallest dramme of grieffe,

Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,

Ile mourne in shew, though I reioyce indeed.

To the courtes.

Thus after he hath five long ages liu'd,

The sacred *Phoenix* of *Arabia*,

Loadeth his wings with preious perfumes,

And on the altar of the golden sunne,

Offers himselfe a gratefull sacrifice.

Long didst thou liue triumphant *Baiazet*,

A feare vnto thy greatest enemies,

And now that death the conquerour of Kings,

Dislodged hath thy neuer dying soule,

To flee vnto the heauens from whence she came,

And leaue her fraile, earth pavilion,

Thy bodie in this antient monument,

Where our great predeceffours sleep in rest:

Suppose the Temple of *Mahomet*.

Thy wofull sonne *Selimus* thus doth place.

Thou wert the *Phoenix* of this age of ours,

And diedst wrapped in the sweete perfumes;

Of thy magnifick deeds, whose lasting praise

Mounteth to highest beauen with golden wings.

Princes come beare your Emperour companie

In, till the dayes of mourning be ore past,

And then we meane to rouse false *Acomar*,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne to

And call him forth of *Macedonia*.
Exeunt All.

Enter Hali, Cali, Corcut, Page, and one or two Soldiers.

Page. My Lords, if I bring you not where *Corcut* is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliuer him vp into your hands, then let me haue the reward due to so good a deed.

Hali. *Page*, if thou shew vs where thy maister is, Be sure thou shalt be honoured for the deed, And high exalted aboue other men.

Enter Corcut, and Bullathumble.

Page. That same is he, that in disguised robes Accompanies yon shepheard to the fields.

Cor. The sweet content that country life affords, Passeth the royall pleasures of a King: For there our ioyes are interlaced with feares: But here no feare nor care is harboured, But a sweete calme of a most quiet state. Ah *Corcut*, would thy brother *Selimus* But let thee liue, here should'it thou spend thy life, Feeding thy sheep among these grassie lands, But sure I wonder where my *Page* is gone.

Hali. *Corcut*.

Corcut. Ay me, who nameth me?

Hali. *Hali*, the gouernour of *Magrelia*. Poore prince, thou thought in these disguised woods, To maske vnseene: and happily thou might'st, But that thy *Page* betraied thee to vs.

And be not wrath with vs vnhappy prince, If we do what our soueraigne commands: Tis for thy death that *Selim* sends for thee,

Cor. Thus I like poore *Ampharans*, thought By hiding my estate in shepherds coate, To escape the angry wrath of *Selimus*. But as his wife false *Eryphyle* did Betray his safetie for a chaine of gold,

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

So my false Page hath vilely dealt with me,
Pray God that thou maist prosper so as she.

Hal. I know thou sorrowest for my case,
But it is bootlesse, come and let vs go,
Corcut is readie, since it is must be so.

Cal. Shepheard.

Bull. Thats my profession sir.

Cal. Come, you must go with vs.

Bull. Who I? A lasse sir, I haue a wife and seuentene cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two barnes filling, and a great heard of beasts feeding, and you should vtterly vndo me to take me to such a great charge.

Cal. Well there is no remedie.

Exeunt all, but *Bull* & *brumbe* stealing from them closely away.

Bull. The mores the pitie. Go with you quoth he, marrie that had bene the way to preferment, downe *Holburne* vp *Ta-burce*: well ile keepe my best ioynt from the strappado as well as I can hereafter, he haue no more seruants.

Exit running away.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam-Bassa*, *Mustaffa*, and
the Ianizaries.

Seli. *Sinam*, we heare our brother *Acomat*
Is fled away from *Macedonia*,
To aske for aide of Persian *Ismael*,
And the Egyptian Soldane our chiefe foes.

Sinam. Herein my Lord I like his enterprise,
For if they giue him aide as sure they will,
Being your highnesse vowed enemies,
You shall haue rust cause for to warre on them,
For giuing succour gainst you, to your foe.
You know they are two mightie Potentates,
And may be hurtfull neighbours to your grace,
And to enrich the Turkish Diademe.

With

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

With two so worthie kingdomes as they are,
Would be eternall glorie to your name.

Seli. By heauens *Smam*, th'art a warriour,
And worthie coupceller vnto a King.

Sound within. Enter *Cali* and *Hals*, with
Corcut and his Page.

How now, what newes?

Cali. My gracious Lord, we here present to you
Your brother *Corcut*, whom in *Smirna* coasts
Feeding a flocke of sheepe vpon a downe,
His traitrous Page betrayed to our hands.

Seli. Thanks ye bold brethren, but for that false part,
Let the vile Page be famished to death.

Corcut. *Selim*, in this I see thou art a Prince,
To punish treason with condigne reward.

Seli. O fir, I loue the fruite that treason brings,
But those that are the traitors, then I hate.
But *Corcut*, could not your Philosophie
Keepe you safe from my Ianizaries hands.
We thought you had old *Gyges* wondrous ring,
That so you were inuisible to vs.

Cor. *Selim*, thou deal'st vnkindly with thy brother,
To seeke my death, and make a iest of me.
Vpbraid'st thou me with my philosophie?
Why thus I learn'd by studying learned arts,
That I can beare my fortune as it fallles,
And that I feare no whit thy crueltie,
Since thou wilt deale no otherwise with me,
Then thou hast dealt with aged *Baiazet*.

Seli. By heauens *Corcut*, thou shalt surely die,
For standing *Selim* with my fathers death.

Cor. The let me freely speak my mind this once,
For thou shalt neuer heare me speake againe.

Seli. Nay we can giue such loosers leaue to speak.

Cor. Then *Selim*, heare thy brothers dying words,
And marke them well, for ere thou die thy selfe,

Thou

of *Selimus*, Emperour of the Turkes.

Thou shalt perceiue all things will come to passe,
That *Coreus* doth diuine before his death.
Since my vaine flight from faire *Magnesia*,
Selim I haue conuerst with Christians,
And learn'd of them the way to saue my soule,
And please the anger of the highest God.
Tis he that made this pure Christalline vault
Which hangerth ouer our vnhappy heads,
From thence he doth behold each sinners fault:
And though our sinnes vnder our feete he treads,
And for a while seeme for to winke at vs,
But is to recall vs from our wayes.
But if we do like head-strong sonnes neglect
To hearken to our louing fathers voyce,
Then in his anger will he vs reiect,
And giue vs ouer to our wicked choyce.
Selim before his dreadfull maiestie,
There lies a booke written with bloudie lines,
Where our offences all are registred.
Which if we do not hastily repent,
We are referu'd to lasting punishment.
Thou wretched *Selimus* hast greatest need
To ponder these things in thy secret thoughts,
If thou consider what strange massacres
And cruell murders thou hast caus'd be done.
Thinke on the death of wofull *Baiazet*.
Doth not his ghost stil haunt thee for reuenge?
Selim in *Chiuslu* didst thou set vpon
Our aged father in his sodaine flight:
In *Chiuslu* shalt thou die a greuous death.
And if thou wilt not change thy greedie mind,
Thy soule shall be tormented in darke hell,
Where woe, and woe, and neuer ceasing woe,
Shall sound about thy euer-damned soule.
Now *Selim* I haue spoken, let me die:
In euer will intreate thee for my life.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Selim farewell: thou God of Christians,
Receiue my dying soule into thy hands.

(Strangles him.)

Seli. What is he dead? then *Selimus* is safe,
And hath no more corriuals in the crowne.
For as for *Acomat* he soone shall see,
His Persian aide cannot saue him from me.
Now *Sinam* march to faire *Amasia* walles,
Where *Acomats* stout Queene immures her selfe,
And girt the citie with a warlike siege,
For since her husband is my enemy,
I see no cause why she should be my friend.
They say yoong *Amurath* and *Aladin*,
Her bastard brood, are come to succour her.
But ile preuent this their officiousnesse,
And send their soule downe to their grandfather.
Mustaffa you shall keepe *Bizantium*,
While I and *Sinam* girt *Amasia*.

Exit Selimus, Sinam, Ianizaries all saue one.

Must. It grieues my soule that *Baiazets* faire line,
Should be eclipsed thus by *Selimus*,
Whose cruell soule will neuer be at rest
Till none remaine of *Ottomans* faire race
But he himselfe: yet for old *Baiazet*
Loued *Mustaffa* deare vnto his death,
I will shew mercy to his familie.
Go sirra, poast to *Acomats* yoong sonnes,
And bid them as they meane to saue their liues,
To flie in hattle from faire *Amasia*,
Least cruell *Selim* put them to the sword.

Exit one to Amurath and Aladin.

And now *Mustaffa*, prepare thou thy necke,
For thou art next to die by *Selims* hands.
Stearne *Sinam Bassa* grudgeth still at thee,
And crabbed *Hali* stormeth at thy life,
All repine that thou art honour'd so,
To be the brother of their Emperour.

Enter

of Selinus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Enter *Solyma*.

But wherefore comes my louely *Solyma*?

Soly. Mustafa I am come to seeke thee out,

If euer thy distressed *Solyma*,

Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart:

Flie hence with me vnto some desert land,

For if we tarry here we are but dead.

This night when faire *Lucinaes* shining waine,

Was past the chaire of bright *Cassiopey*,

A fearefull vision appear'd to me.

Me thought *Mustassa*, I beheld thy necke

So often folded in my louing armes,

In foule disgrace of Bassaes faire degree,

With a vile haltar basely compassed.

And while I powr'd my teares on thy dead corpes,

A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,

Seaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete,

And in a moment rent me all to nought.

Flie sweet *Mustassa*, or we be but dead.

Must. Why should we flie beauteous *Solyma*,

Mou'd by a vaine and a fantastique dreame?

Or if we did flie, whither should we flie?

If to the farthest part of *Asia*,

Know'st thou not *Solyma*, kings hane long hands?

Come, come, my ioy, returne againe with me,

And banish hence these melancholy thoughts.

(*Ехennt.*)

Enter *Aladin*, *Murath*, the messenger.

Aladin. Messenger is it true that *Selinus*

Is not far hence encamped with his hoste?

And meanes he to disioyne the haplesse sonnes

From helping our distressed mothers towne?

Mess. Tis true my Lord, and if you loue your liues

Flie from the bounds of his dominions,

For he you know is most vnmercifull.

Amu. Here messenger take this for thy reward. *Exit mess.*

But we sweet *Aladin*, let vs depart,

Now in the quiet silence of the night

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

That ere the windowes of the morne be ope,
We may be far inough from *Selimus*.

He to *Aegyptus*.

Alinda. I to *Persia*.

(*Exeunt*.)

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, *Ianizaries*.

Seli. But is it certaine *Hali* they are gone?
And that *Mustaffa* moued them to flie?

Hali. Certaine my Lord, I met the messenger
As he returned from yong *Alinda*:
And learned of them, *Mustaffa*, was the man
That certified the Princes of your will.

Seli. It is inough: *Mustaffa* shall abie
At a deare price his pitifull intent.

Hali go fetch *Mustaffa* and his wife. (*Exit Hali*.)

For though she be siller to *Selimus*,
Yet loues she him better then *Selimus*.
So that if he do die at our command,
And she should liue: soone wold she worke a mean
To worke reuenge for her *Mustaffa*'s death.

Enter *Hali*, *Mustaffa*, and *Solima*.

False of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,
Did we so highly alway honour thee,
And doest thou thus requite our loue with treason,
For why should'st thou send to yong *Alinda*,
And *Amurath*, the sonnes of *Acomas*,
To giue them notice of our secrecies,
Knowing they were my vowed enemies?

Must. I do not seeke to lesen my offence
Great *Selimus*, but truly do protest
I did it not for hatred of your grace,
So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.
But for I grieved to see the famous stocke
Of worthie *Baiazet* fall to decay,
Therefore I sent the Princes both away.
Your highnesse knowes *Mustaffa* was the man
That sau'd you in the battell of *Churlu*,

When

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

When I and all the warlike Ianizaries
Had hedg'd your person in a dangerous ring.
Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there,
And made a way for you to scape by flight.
But those your Ballaes haue incensed you,
Repining at *Mustaffas* dignitie.
Stearne *Sinam* grindes his angry teeth at me.
Old *Hales* sonnes do bend their browes at me,
And are agrieued that *Mustaffa* hath
Shewed himselfe a better man then they.
And yet the Ianizars mourne for me,
They know *Mustaffa* neuer proued false.
I, I haue bene as true to *Selimus*,
As euer subiect to his soueraigne,
So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.

Seli. You did it not because you hated vs,
But for you lou'd the sonnes of *Acomiat*.
Sinam, I charge thee quickly strangle him,
He loues not me that loues mine enemies.
As for your holy protestation,
It cannot enter into *Selims* eares:
For why *Mustaffa*? euery marchant man
Will praise his own ware be it ne'r so bad.

Solima. For *Selimas* sake mightie *Selimus*,
Spare my *Mustaffas* life, and let me die:
Or if thou wilt not be so gracious,
Yet let me die before I see his death.

Seli. Nay *Solima*, your selfe shall also die,
Because you may be in the selfesame fault.
Why stai't thou *Sinam*? strangle him I say.

Sinam strangles him.

Soli. Ah *Selimus*, he made thee Emperour,
And wilt thou thus requite his benefits?
Thou art a cruell tygre and no man,
That couldest endure to see before thy face,
So braue a man as my *Mustaffa* was,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Cruelly strangled for so small a fault.

Seli. Thou shalt not after liue him *Solima*.

Twere pitie thou shouldst want the company

Of thy deare husband: *Sinans* strangle her.

And now to faire *Amasia* let vs march.

Acomats wife, and her vnmanly hoast,

Will not be able to endure our sight,

Much lesse make strong resistance in hard fight.

Exeunt.

Enter *Acomat*, *Tonambeius*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and
their souldiers.

Aco. Welcome my Lords into my natiue soyle,

The crowne whereof by right is due to me:

Though *Selim* by the Lanizaries choyce,

Through vsurpation keep the same from me.

You know contrary to my fathers mind,

He was enthronized by the Bassaes will,

And after his enstalling, wickedly

By poyson made good *Baiazet* to die.

And strangled *Corcut*, and exiled me.

These iniuries we come for to reuenge,

And raise his siege from faire *Amasia* walles.

Tonon. Prince of *Amasia*, and the rightfull heire

Vnto the mightie Turkish Diadem:

With willing heart great *Tonombey* hath left

Aegyptian Nilus and my fathers court,

To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre,

And by the great *Vsancassanos* ghoast,

Companion vnto mightie *Tamberlaine*,

From whom my father lineally descends,

Fortune shall shew her selfe too crosse to me,

But we will thrust *Selimus* from his throne,

And reuest *Acomat* in the Empire.

Aco. Thanks to the vncontrolled *Tonombey*.

But let vs haste vs to *Amasia*,

To succour my besieged citizens.

None

of *Selimus*, Emperour of the *Turkes*.

None but my *Queene* is ouerfeer there,
And too too weake is all her pollicie,
Against so great a foe as *Selimus*.

Exeunt All

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cal*, and the
Ianzaries.

Seli. Summon a parley first, that we may know
Whether these Mushrooms here will yeeld or no.

A parley: *Queene of Amasia*, and her souldiers
on the walles.

Queen. What crauest thou bloud-thirstie parricide?
Is't not enough that thou hast foulely slaine,
Thy louing father noble *Barazet*,
And strangled *Corcut* thine unhappie brother
Slaine braue *Mustassa*, and faire *Solima*?
Because they fauoured my unhappie sonnes,
But thou must yet seeke for more massacres?
Go, wash thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood.
Enrich thy souldiers with robberies:
Yet do the heauens still beare an equall eye,
And vengeance followes thee euen at the heeles.

Seli. *Queene of Amasia*, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe?

Queen. First shall the ouer-flowing *Euripus*
Off swift *ubas* stop his restlessse course
And *Phaebus* bright globe bring the day from the west,
And quench his hot flames in the *Esterne* sea.
Thy bloudie sword vngratious *Selimus*
Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friend:
Thy wicked gard which still attends on thee,
Fleashing themselves in murder, lust, and rape:
What hope of fauour? what securitie?
Rather what death do they not promise me?
Then thinke not *Selimus* that we will yeeld,
But looke for strong resistance at our hands.

Seli. Why then you neuer dunted Ianzaries,
Aduaunce your shields and vncontrolled speares,

Yours

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Your conquering hands in foe-mens blood embay,
For *Selimus* himselfe will lead the way.

Allarum, beats them off the walles. Allarum.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, *Ianizaries*, with
Acomats *Queene* prisoner.

Se. Now sturdie dame, where are your men of war
To gard your person from my angry sword?
What? though brau'd vs on your citie walles,
Like to that *Amanonian* *Mewalip*,
Leauing the bankes of swift-stream'd *Thermodon*
To challenge combat with great *Hercules*:
Yet *Selimus* hath pluckt your haughtie plumes,
Nor can your spouse rebellious *Acomat*,
Nor *Alinda*, or *Amurath* your sonnes,
Deliuier you from our victorious hands.

Queen. *Selim* I scorne thy threatnings as thy selfe.
And though ill hap hath giuen me to thy hands,
Yet will I neuer beg my life of thee.
Fortune may chance to frowne as much on thee.
And *Acomat* whom thou doest scorne so much,
May take thy base *Tartarian* concubine,
As well as thou hast tooke his loyall *Queene*.
Thou hast not fortune tied in a chaine,
Nor doest thou like a warie pilot sit,
And wisely stir this all containing barge.
Thou art a man as those whom thou hast slaine,
And some of them were better far then thou.

Seli. Strangle her *Hali*, let her scold no more.
Now let vs march to meet with *Acomat*,
He brings with him that great *Egyptian* bug,
Strong *Tonorbey*, *Vsan-Cassanos* sonne.
But we shall soone with our fine tempered swords,
Engraued our prowesse on their buganets,
Were they as mightie and as fell of force,
As those old earth-bred brethren, which once

Heape

of Selinus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Heape hill on hill to scale the starrie skie,
When *Briareus* arm'd with a hundreth hands,
Flung foorth a hundreth mountaines at great *Ioue*,
And when the monstrous giant *Monichus*
Hurd mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And darted cedars at *Minerues* shield. *Exeunt All.*
Allarum. Enter *Selinus*, *Senam*, *Cali*, *Hali*, and the *Tanizaries*,
at one doore. and *Acomat*, *Tonombey*, *Regan*, *Vissr*, and their
souldiers at another.

Seli. What are the vrehins crept out of their dens,
Vnder the conduct of this porcupine?
Doeft thou not tremble *Acomat* at vs,
To see how courage masketh in our lookes,
And white-wing'd victorie sits on our swordes?
Captaine of *Aegypt*, thou that vant'st thy selfe
Sprung from great *Tamberlaine* the *Scythia* theefe,
Who had the enterprife this bold attempt,
To set thy feete within the Turkish confines,
Or list thy hands against our maiestie?

Aco. Brother of *Trebisond*, your squared words,
And broad-mouth'd tearmes, can neuer conquer vs.
We come resolu'd to pull the Turkish crowne,
Which thou doest wrongfully detaine from me,
By conquering sword from of thy coward crest.

Seli. *Acomat*, sith the quarrell toucheth none
But thee and me: I dare, and challenge thee.

Torum. Should he accept the combat of a boy?

Whose vnripe yeares and farre vnriper wit
Like to the bold foole-hardie *Pharon* to reach his noy, should he
That sought to rule the chariot of the sunne,
Hath mou'd thee t'vndertake an Empirie.

Seli. Thou that resoluest in peremptorie tearmes,
To call him boy that scornes to cope with thee;
But thou can't better vse thy bragging blade,
Then thou can. st rule thy overflowing tongue,
Soone shalt thou know that *Selinus* mightie arme

The first part of the Tragicall raigne
Is able to ouerthrow poore *Tonombey*.

Allarum, *Tonombey* beates *Hali* and *Cali* in.

Selim beates *Tonombey* in. Allarum,

Exit Tonombey.

Tonombey. The field is lost, and *Acomat* is taken.

Ah *Tonombey*, how canst thou shew thy face

To thy victorious fire, thus conquered.

A matchlesse knight is warlike *Selimus*.

And like a shepheard mongst a swarme of gnats,
Dings downe the flying Persians with their swords.

Twice I encountred with him hand to hand,

And twice returned foyled and asham'd.

For neuer yet since I could manage Armes,

Could any match with mightie *Tonombey*,

But this heroicke Emperour *Selimus*.

Why stand I still, and rather do not flie

The great occision which the victors make?

Exit Tonombey.

Allarum. Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam Bassa*, with

Acomat prisoner, *Hali*, *Cali*, *Ianizaries*.

Seli. Thus when the coward Greeks fled to their ships,

The noble *Hector* all besmear'd in blood,

Return'd in triumph to the walles of *Troy*.

A gallant trophée, *Bassas* haue we wonne,

Beating the neuer-foyled *Tonombey*,

And hewing passage through the Persians.

As when a lyon rauing for his praie,

Falleth vpon a droaue of horned balles,

And rends them strongly in his kingly pawes.

Or *Mars* arm'd in his adamantie coate,

Mounted vpon his fire-shining waine,

Scatters the troupes of warlike Thracians,

And warms cold *Hebras* with hot streams of blood.

Braue *Sinam*, for thy noble prisoner,

Thou shalt be generall of my *Ianizaries*.

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And *Belierbey* of faire *Natalia*.

Now *Acomat*, thou monster of the world,
Why stoup'st thou not with reuerence to thy king?

Aco. *Selim* if thou haue gotten victorie,
Then vse it to thy contentation.

If I had conquer'd, know assuredly
I would haue said as much and more to thee.

Know I disdain them as I do thy selfe,
And scorne to stoupe or bend my Lordly knee,
To such a tyrant as is *Selimus*.

Thou slew'st my *Queene* without regard or care,
Of loue or dutie, or thine owne good name.

Then *Selim* take that which thy hap doth giue,
Disgra'st, displai'st, I longer loath to liue.

Seli. Then *Sinam* strangle him: now he is dead,
Who doth remaine to trouble *Selimus*?

Now am I King alone and none but I.

For since my fathers death vntill this time,

I neuer wanted some competitors.

Now as the weerie wandring traueller
That hath his steppes guided through many lands,

Through boiling soile of *Affrica* and *Ind*,

When he returnes vnto his natieue home:

Sits downe among his friends, and with delight

Declares the trauels he hath ouerpast.

So maist thou *Selimus*, for thou hast trode

The monster-garden paths, that lead to crownes.

Ha, ha, I smile to thinke how *Selimus*

Like the *Ægyptian Ibis* hath expelled

Those swarming armies of swift-winged snakes,

That sought to ouerrun my territories,

When soultring heat the earths green childrē spoiles

From forth the fennes of venemous *Affrica*,

The generation of those flying snakes,

Do band themselues in troupes, and take their way

To *Nilus* bounds: but those industrious birds,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Those *Ibides* meete them in set array,
And eate them vp like to a swarme of gnats,
Preuenting such a mischiefe from the land.
But see how vnkind nature deales with them:
From out their egges rises the basiliske,
Whose onely sight killes millions of men.
When *Acomat* lifted his vngratious hands
Against my aged father *Baiazet*.
They sent for me, and I like *Aegypts* bird
Haue rid that monster, and his fellow mates.
But as from *Ibis* springs the *Basilisk*,
Whose onely touch burneth vp stones and trees.
So *Selimus* hath prou'd a Cocatrice,
And cleane consumed all the familie
Of noble *Ottoman*, except himselfe.
And now to you my neighbour Emperours,
That durst lend ayd to *Selims* enemies,
Sinam those Soldanes of the Orient,
Aegypt and *Persia*, *Selimus* will quell,
Or he himselfe will sincke to lowest hell.
This winter will we rest and breath our selues:
But soone as *Zephyrus* sweete smelling blast
Shall greatly creep ouer the flourie meades,
Wee'll haue a fling at the *Aegyptian* crowne,
And ioyne it vnto ours, or loose our owne.

Exeunt.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Conclusion.

Thus haue we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia:
Next shall you see him with trinnphant sword,
Diuiding kingdomes into equall shares,
And giue them to their warlike followers.
If this first part Gentles, do like you well,
The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

F I N I S.

